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Easter tide-way







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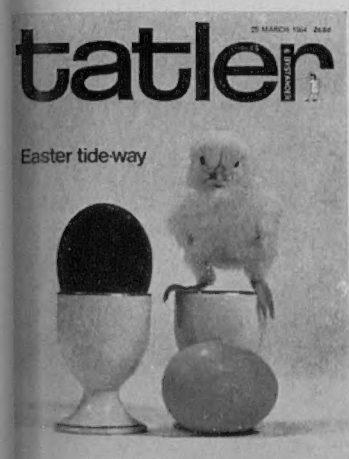
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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3265

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER



Long before anybody dreamed up the chocolate variety, people were giving and eating coloured eggs in their spring rites. The practice certainly predates the Christian Festival, the Greeks had a fancy for it and the record shows that the ancient Persians and Egyptians were also notable givers and receivers. The Easter eggs on the cover are coloured dark and light blue for no more esoteric reason than to honour the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Race crews whose annual Putney to Mortlake tussle falls appropriately this year on Easter Saturday. Ancients and moderns will never agree which came first—chicken or egg—but the chick on the cover has an established genealogy. It comes from the Shaver Poultry Farm at Bawdeswell, Dereham, Norfolk. The eggs in their uncoloured state were supplied by the Egg Marketing Board, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ian Munro took the picture and background information and advice were supplied by *Farm & Country* magazine

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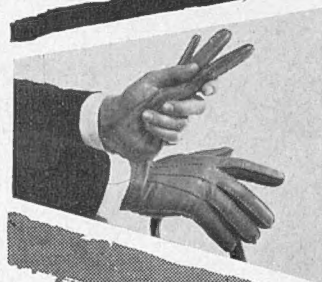
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Far left: The Penfold glove by Pickard  
Left: Tie by Dorothy Dean



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Left: Gloves by Glenville Gloves

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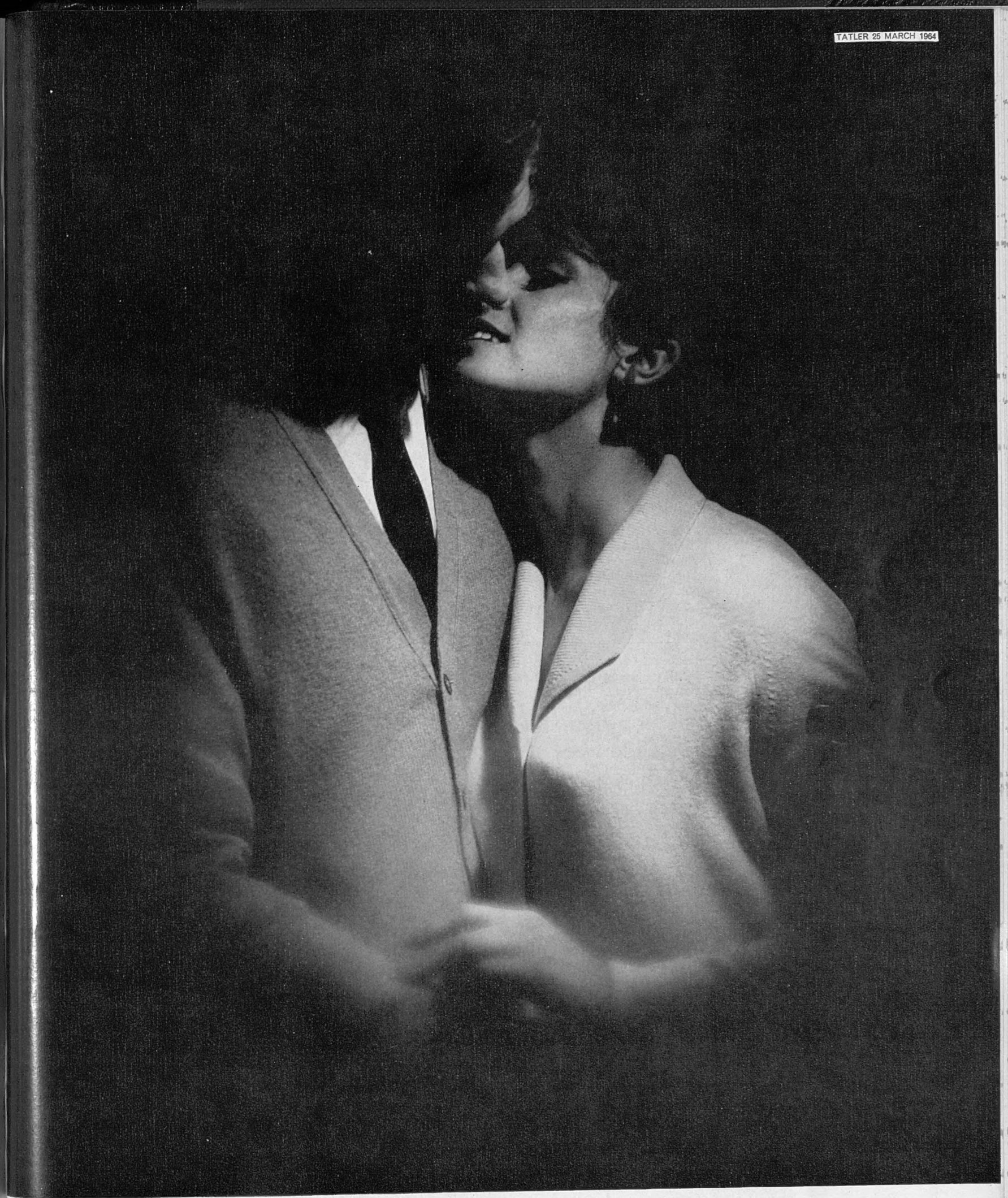
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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race**, 28 March.

**April Fools Frolic Ball**, Café Royal, 1 April, in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. (Tickets, £2 9s. 9½d., SLO 0031.)

**Gala Ball**, Hatchlands, E. Clandon, Surrey, 3 April, in aid of the Feathers Clubs. (Tickets, £3, inc. buffet & supper. WES 6333.)

**Spring Ball**, Grosvenor House, 8 April, in aid of the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. (Tickets, £3 3s., WEL 2513.)

**Spring Ball**, Savoy, 9 April, in aid of refugees. (Details, BEL 4705.)

**Golden Eagle Ball**, Grosvenor House, 22 April, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. (Details, Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.)

**Bambino Ball**, Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, 24 April. (Double tickets, £5 5s., from Lady Bruce, Broomehall, Fife.)

**Point-to-points: Weston Harriers; S. & W. Wilts**, 28 March. **Taunton Vale; W. Norfolk**, Fakenham, 30 March. **Harkaway Club**, Chad-desley Corbett, Worcs.; **Brocklesby**, Brocklesby Park; Tiver-

ton, Silverton; **Wylve Valley**, Larkhill; **Chiddingfold & Leconfield**, Rudgwick, 4 April. **Heythrop**, Fox Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold, 7 April.

**Hunt Balls: New Forest**, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst; **Garth & S. Berks.**, Tynley Hall, Rotherwick, 3 April.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat: Kempton Park**, Warwick, Stockton, Doncaster, 28; Kempton Park, Birmingham, Newcastle, 30 March. **Steeple-chasing: Southwell**, Woore, 28; Newton Abbott, Plumpton, Towcester, Carlisle, 28, 30; Market Rasen, Fakenham, Hereford, Wincanton, Chepstow, Uttoxeter, Wetherby Huntingdon, 30 March.

## RUGBY

**Easter Rugby Festivals:** Bournemouth, Southend-on-Sea, Lowestoft, Isle of Man, 27-30 March.

**England v. France (Amateur)**, St. Helen's, 29 March.

## TENNIS

**North of England Hard Court Championships**, Southport, 26-31 March.

## MOTOR RACING

**Easter Race Meeting**, Goodwood, Sussex, 30 March.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., tonight; *Swan Lake*, 2.15 & 7.30 p.m., 28 March; *The Dream*, *Images of Love*, *Hamlet*, 7.30 p.m., 3, 6 April; *Coppelia*, 2.15 p.m., 4 April. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Festival Hall**. L.P.O., cond. Pritchard, 8 p.m., tonight; L.S.O. cond. Maazel, 8 p.m., 26 March; London Choral Society & Philomusica, cond. Tobin in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, 5 p.m., 27 March; L.P.O., cond. Morris, 8 p.m., 28 March; Mr. Acker Bilk & his Paramount Jazz Band, 3 p.m., 29 March; Philharmonia, cond. von Maticic, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in concert of Viennese music, 7.30 p.m., 29 March; Ella Fitzgerald with the Oscar Peterson Trio, 6.15 & 9 p.m., 30 March; L.P.O., cond. Kempe, 8 p.m., 31 March; B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Dorati, in Gerhard's *The Plague* (first performance), & Mahler's Ninth Symphony, 8 p.m., 1 April. (WAT 3191.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Carmen*, 7 p.m., tonight; *Ariadne on Naxos* (last perf.), 26 March; *The Flying Dutchman*, 28 March, 2 April; *La Traviata*, 31 March; *La Belle Hélène*, 1 April; *The Seraglio*, 3 April, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

## ART

**Vanessa Bell Memorial Exhibition**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 28 March.

**Allan Ramsay (1713-1784)**, Royal Academy, to 26 April.

**R.W.S. Spring Exhibition**, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 29 April.

**Alfred Heyworth, F.B.A.** Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 4 April.

**Old Master paintings**, Alfred Brod Gallery, to 24 April.

**The Arts of Thailand**, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 12 April.

**Anthea Alley**, sculpture & paintings, Hamilton Galleries, St. George St., to 11 April.

**Klaus Geissler**, space chambers; **Herve Telemaque**, paintings, Hanover Gallery, to 11 April.

**Stabell**, paintings; **Paul von Ringelheim**, sculpture, New Vision Gallery, Seymour Place, to 11 April.

**Tadek Beutlich**, tapestries; **Harry Ousey**, paintings. Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 2 April.

**Frank Clark**, handmade silver, Foyle's Gallery, to 28 March.

## EXHIBITION

**"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition**, Olympia, to 30 March.

## FESTIVALS

**St. Bees**, Festival of Music, 2-5 April. (Details, Fleswick House, St. Bees, Cumberland.)

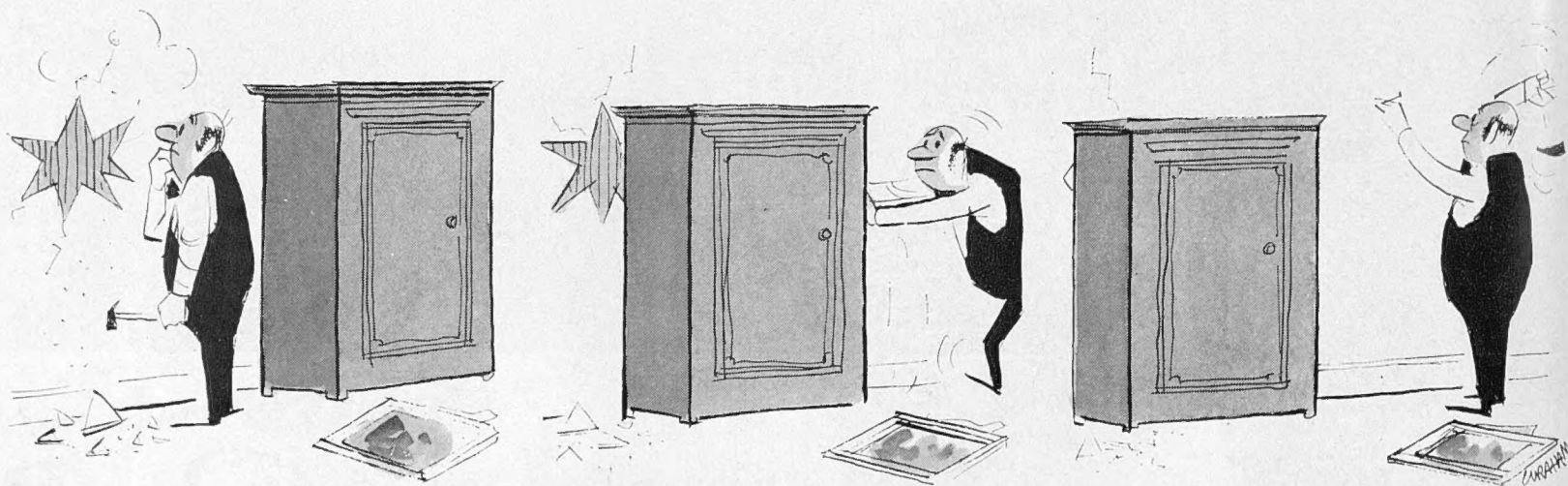
## FIRST NIGHTS

**Prince of Wales**. *Round About Piccadilly*, 28 March.

**Drury Lane**. *Mexican Fiesta*, 30 March.

**Aldwych**. World Theatre Season. Schiller Theatre. *Andorra*, 30 March; *Clavigo*, 2 April.

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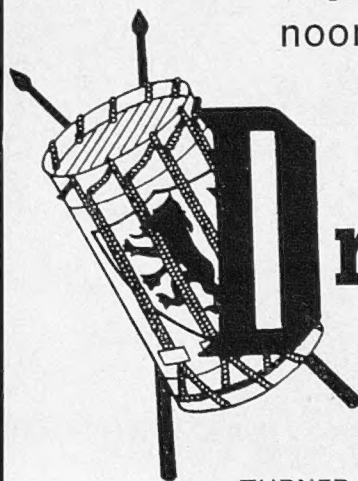


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# GOING PLACES

STAYING ON THE ISLANDS



# ABROAD

At the southernmost extreme of the Greek islands, the appeal of Crete is to those with rather a dry palate. It is not so obviously picturesque as the islands I have so far listed, but it is large, has great variety—and a strong fascination for people who want to tour and explore. There are the Minoan remains, of course, at Knossos and Phaestos, and the charming old seaport of Chanea, with some *very* simple, but passable, hotels on the waterfront, and some good beaches nearby. But Crete has one of the most attractive hotels—or rather, cottage communities—of any of the islands, at Minos Beach, which is about 50 miles east of Heraklion and its airport. The central building has a bar, a boutique, and excellent food—they produce French soufflés and sauces which are rather rare in Greece. The cottages are enchantingly furnished.

Two small but good beaches, mini-golf, tennis and water-skiing add up to a place whose pleasures and clientèle are pleasantly sophisticated without losing any of the casual charm of island life. Rates are £3 a day, inclusive.

Hydra is by now too well-known to require much description; I really would avoid it in high summer, but it still has great charm in spite of its exploitation over the past few years, and its rock swimming is magnificent. There are no beaches, but plenty of café life, and you can now reach it by hydrofoil in a couple of hours from Athens, or by normal boat in about five hours, calling at Poros on the way.

I have only seen the islands of the Sporades—Skiathos and Skyros—from the deck of a boat. Both have good new Xenia hotels, and Skiathos has a long and magnificent white

beach. Gellatly Hankey (23 Pall Mall) have this year fixed up some excellent and imaginative holidays, and managed also to streamline some communications which could otherwise cost you a frustrating morning in the average local travel agencies. For example: a combination of Athens, Skyros and Skiathos is only £109 for a 15-day holiday, including return flights, all inter-island communications, and demi-pension at the hotels. Another one starts with five days in Athens, then divides 10 days between Myconos and Paros, this time with full pension in the island hotels, at a cost of 122 guineas. Hickie, Borman (130 Jermyn Street) are also specialists in Greece, and are

particularly good on Adriatic cruises to it, or within the islands. For chartering a yacht of your own and sailing in the islands, apply to Wakefield Fortune (52 Haymarket, W.1). On my return from Myconos last May, a woman I met at a cocktail party told me categorically that the place was ruined. She had never been there.

Exactly the same kind of conversations cover a score of places, and on occasions one is tempted to agree, for there are two basic ways of protecting a place you love: one is to tell people that the plumbing is impossible and the other is to say that it has already been ruined by tourism. Actually, I do love Myconos, and so I am hoist with my own petard. I shall certainly put some people off by saying that there is nearly always a high wind, there isn't a scrap of shade, and



*Rooftop patterns on the island of Myconos, a kind of Grecian Capri which despite its evident catering for tourists remains the ideal of Athenian celebrities*



in the season you must be prepared to walk at least two miles to find a beach with any degree of solitude. And, in July and August when it is hard to get a room at the Leta or the Kenia, you may have to share a room in a cottage (though it will only cost you 10s. a night) with three other people. Yet oddly—or perhaps not so oddly—the most Ritzy of Athenians continue to flock there, (wherever and however they manage to sleep) and its visiting celebrities, who come ashore for the evening from their yachts, have made of Mycanos a kind of Grecian Capri.

The simple waterfront cafés, whose chairs scrape a bare stone floor and whose culinary offers lie semi-refrigerated in a glass case, have been host to the cognoscenti of Europe. People take a caique over to the sacred island of Delos, where white marble lions guard the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, and you wander, in spring, through fields full of scarlet poppies which bloom around the marble columns of the ancient city. Together with Delphi, I think Delos is the supreme sight in all of Greece. Paros, in the same island group as Myconos, has the same high wind, blue

skies, bronzed scrub and white windmills. Very little has happened to it, save for the pretty and comfortable Xenia hotel.

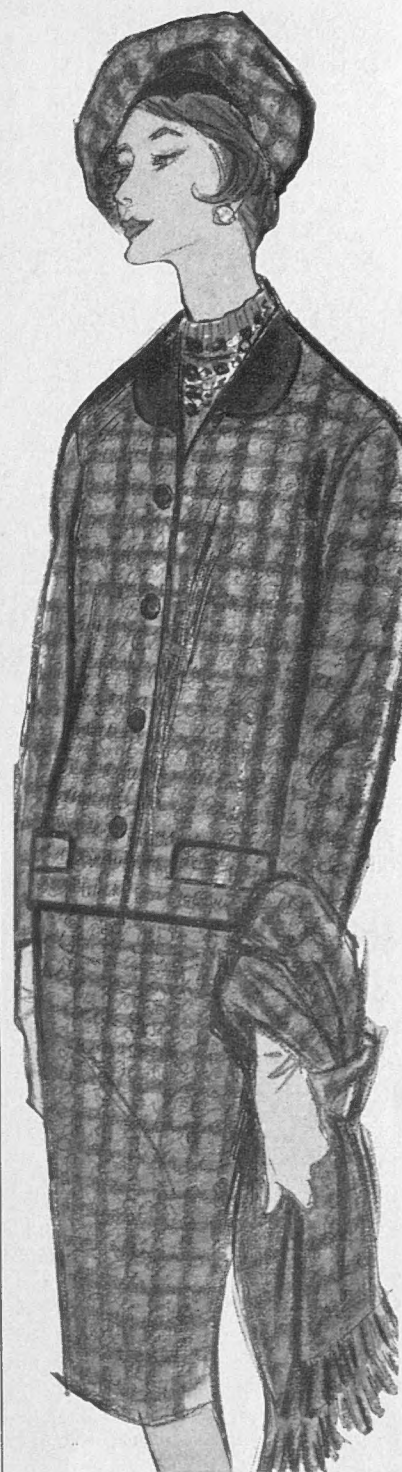
The waterfront and its many cafés, the warrens of narrow white streets, swept daily of every speck of dust, are relatively innocent of the bars and boutiques which decorate those of Myconos. You take a mule and ride over the headland to the valley of the butterflies, picnic in an orchard full of plum, apple and olive trees; or cross over by boat to the islet of Anti-Paros, and ride up a thyme-scented hillside to caves where Alexander the Great once sheltered.

At the taverna on the beach nearby, the proprietor will run up an omelette if he's got nothing fresh from the sea, and open a bottle of wine which is nectar-sweet and rose coloured. Back in Paros, the fishermen will dump you for the day on a deserted, two mile stretch of beach. There is absolutely nothing else to do, and few other places in Europe I can remember as being quite so desirable.

Thasos, the northernmost of the Greek islands, is also one of the most lush. Its thick forests

of pine, olive and chestnut trees seem to drop sheer into the water, but there are several inlets of superb, white powdery beaches. It is a peaceful island; cruise ships don't go there, and the one good hotel on the waterfront can only hold a few people. There is plenty of life in the cafés, which are surprisingly numerous. Most of the visitors are locals from Salonika. A few minute's walk from the harbour are the ruins of the old city, which dates back to the time when gold was found there and a big trade was carried on with the Phoenician ports.

It was here that Cassius was cremated after the battle of Philippi; the walls and an arch to Caracalla still stand, as also does the old acropolis on the hill; and much more remains to be excavated. The villages of the island interior have great charm. The streets full of goats, donkeys and hens, are unpaved, and always there is a communal well shaded by plane trees. The low-eaved, whitewashed houses have balconies, and pots of fragrant basil growing outside their windows. Roses, gardenias and peach trees grow everywhere.



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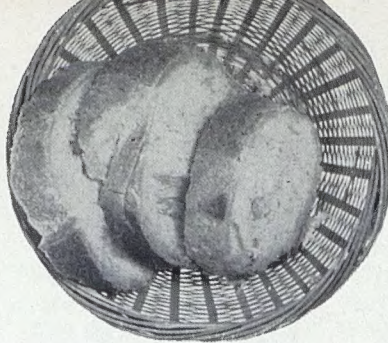
Unloading earthenware pots on the island of Hydra.  
No beaches but plenty of café life and splendid swimming



JOHN BAKER WHITE

## GOING PLACES

SYMPTOM OF REVIVAL



## TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays  
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

**La Fontana**, 89, Pimlico Road, opposite Casa Pupo. (SLO 6630.) Open 12 noon—2.30 p.m. and 7 p.m.—11.30 p.m. C.S. The arrival of this small restaurant, plainly but artistically got up, is another reminder of how the character of Pimlico Road is changing, and for the better. I chose the 10s. 6d. luncheon, and had a well-cooked and generous dish of ravioli, fried sole with stuffed tomatoes and potatoes, and a fruit salad. Though it was a set lunch—there is *à la carte* as well—I noticed that everything was cooked to order. A large glass of a pleasant red wine cost 2s. 6d. The coffee was exceptionally good. I felt I had had a meal that was good value for money with courteous service and in comfortable, restful surroundings.

**Tung Hsing** restaurant, 22, North End Road—opposite Golders Green Station. (SPE 5990.) Open, including Sundays, 12—2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.—11 p.m. In this restaurant you can meet journalists and others who know the Far East well, because here they can get real Chinese cooking. I had, for example, hot and sour soup, fried Pacific prawns in a pepper sauce, diced chicken with hot pepper sauce, shredded pork with chili sauce, fried rice and glazed apples.

This varied and delightful meal covered the Peking and Szechuan cuisines, not generally available in Chinese restaurants in Britain. Mr. Y. S. Chen, the cultured owner of this restaurant, also serves the famed Yanchow cuisine. You will not find chop suey on the menu at Tung Hsing, for the very good reason that it is not a genuine Chinese dish. What you can have, if you go in a party of eight or ten, is the famed Mongolian dinner or Hot Pot. Considering the high quality of the cooking and raw products prices are most moderate, and half-portions suffice unless you are exceptionally hungry. The restaurant is fully licensed. From Charing Cross it is only about 20 minutes by train. W.B.

## Georgian charger

Standing white, sturdy and solid among the shops, the **Black Horse**, High St., Deal, belongs to the same period as the delightful Georgian terraces that survive in this haunt of golfers and sea fishermen. The dining room with a restored beam ceiling is bright with copper pans, and pewter wine cups stand on the table. The cooking is in conformity with the character of the house, as British as Walmer Castle and the Royal Marines. The waiters' welcome and smiling service was a pattern for courtesy.

Here you can eat well for a modest price—about 7s. 6d. for main courses—and the short wine list is well chosen, for a well known firm of wine merchants has an interest in the house. It is, in fact, one of the best bets on this part of the Kent coast.

## Wine note

At the recent annual competition of the Landwirtschafts-

kammer Rheinhessen, Weingut Louis Guntrum, whose wines are shipped into this country by W. E. Smith, entered six wines and won six prizes. They were: gold medals for the 1959 Oppenheimer Sacktrager Auslese Cabinet and 1959 Niersteiner Kirchberg Riesling Auslese Cabinet; silver medals for the 1962 Niersteiner Kranzberg Spätlese, 1962 Niersteiner Auflangen Spätlese and 1962 Oppenheimer Sacktrager Spätlese; bronze medal for the 1962 Niersteiner Rehbach Riesling Spätlese.

All these wines were bottled at the Weingut (Original-Abfüllung) and carried the German Wine Seal issued by a subsidiary of the German Agricultural Society.

. . . and a reminder

**Savoy Grill Room**. (TEM 4343.) There is still magic in "the Savoy Grill at One," or, for that matter, 8 p.m. or 11 p.m.

**Berlin Room** restaurant  
44 Knightsbridge. (BEL 7121.) First class German cooking and

*fine wines in amiable surroundings.*

**Verbanelle**, 35 Blandford Street, Baker Street. (WEL 2174.) Good Italian cooking, reasonable prices and a pleasant, cheerful atmosphere.

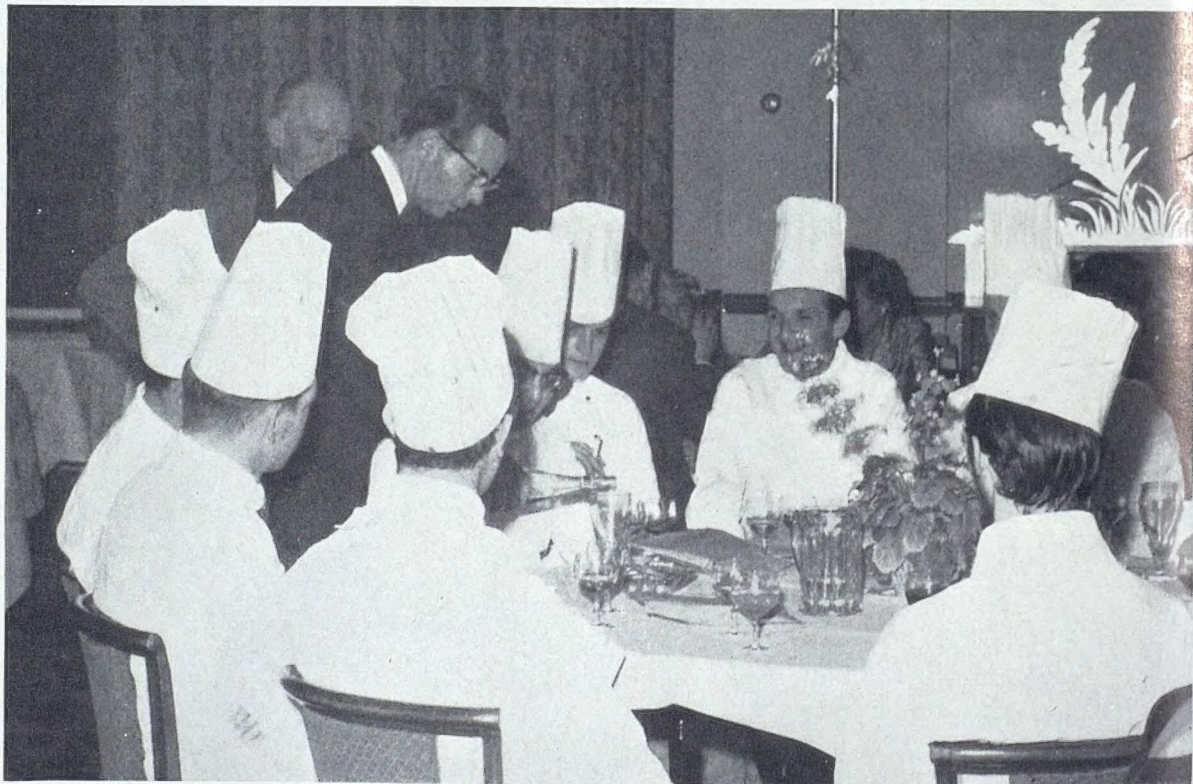
**Lezzet**, D'Arblay Street, out of Wardour Street, Oxford Street end. (GER 9510.) Claims to be the only purely Turkish restaurant in London, with Turkish wines and raki to go with the charcoal-cooked meats. Not expensive.

**Massey's Chop House**, 65 South Audley Street. (HYD 8988.) Dignified decor, high quality meats and well-chosen red wines to go with them.

**Ristorante Pizzala**, 125 Chancery Lane. (CHA 2601.) Good Italian cooking in most pleasant surroundings. No parking difficulties at night.

**Chez Auguste**, 38 Old Compton Street. (GER 5952.) International menu, in the heart of theatreland.

**Windsor Castle Dive**. Opposite Victoria Station. Worth remembering when travelling, for hot or cold food.



Mr. H. M. Chapman, managing director of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, pours celebration drinks for the visiting Swiss chefs at the farewell dinner which marked the close of the successful winter series of Gastronomic Weekends at the hotel. The Swiss Gastronomic Weekend with its foods and wines of Switzerland was conducted by the Hotel Euler of Basle under Mr. Walter Scheel whose contingent of chefs, led by Mr. Werner Ludin and M. Rene Epp, worked together with Mr. William True and his Imperial Hotel Kitchen Brigade



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## IT'S A GREAT WORLD FOR GOLFERS

Especially when the whole family are experts. Top parents here are Mr. & Mrs. Michael Bonallack: last year he won the English Amateur Golf Championship for the second time running and she kept alongside by winning the English Ladies Golf Championship also for the second time. They have two daughters, Jane, who is following in mother's footsteps but with a toy club, and Glenna. The Bonallacks live at Thorpe Bay in Essex. For more news of golf, turn overleaf for pictures from Wentworth by Desmond O'Neill. Muriel Bowen writes on page 661



# THE LURE OF GOLF

Noted exponents of other sports watched and played at the opening tournament of the golf season when the 9th Amateur-Professional Wentworth Foursomes were held over the West Course at Wentworth Club

1 Ken Wells (West Middlesex) putting in the first round match. He and his partner W. J. Smith (Home Park) were beaten, 7 and 6, by K. Warren and N. C. Coles (Coombe Hill) the 1963 winners of the Wentworth Foursomes

2 J. A. Hinchcliffe (Thorndon Park) on the 18th green in the 1st round match which he and his partner G. W. Marshall (Sickleholme) lost to R. H. Miller (Camberley Heath) and N. Allen (Dorking) by one hole

3 The appearance of Ted Dexter, driving off from the first tee, caused a stir on the fairway. His partner is A. Lees who won the competition in 1957. They both belong to Sunningdale Golf Club and, though their match ended with an unprecedented round of applause, the pair were defeated on the last green by Lawrence and Hume, the professional at Harewood Downs

4 J. W. Johnson (Rushmere) and R. F. Long (Lowestoft) won their first match 5 and 4

5 Mrs. Louisa Abrahams, the international golfer, with Mrs. M. Le Bas who plays at Sunningdale, and former Wimbledon champion Mr. Jaroslav Drobny, who is learning golf, watching at the last tee



# THE BARRACUDA AND THE CHAIRMAN'S WIFE

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Easter is the time when people go away; I've been talking to some of those who have just come back. Mrs. JOHN DAVIS, wife of the chairman of Rank, has been telling me what a thrill it was seeing a man-eating barracuda when she was about 100 ft. under water in Barbados. "My immediate reaction was to take a photograph of him, but as I am a complete beginner at under-water photography I'm worried about the result." She tells me that whenever she goes deep-sea fishing with her husband she gets seasick, she's such a bad sailor. But under water she is happy as a lark. Only last year she used an aqualung for the first time, now she thinks nothing of going down 180 ft., and considers it the most exciting hobby she has ever had.

Exhibiting a glowing suntan is Mrs. HENRY MIDDLETON, the former Mrs. Rodney Berry. She and her husband have also been in Barbados. Now back in London they are on the point of moving into their new house in Beltravia. Back too from Barbados are Mr. & Mrs. DEREK PARKER BOWLES. They spent three weeks out there, two with Mr. & Mrs. RONNIE TREE and one with Mr. & Mrs. CHRISTOPHER LOYD at their place there. "With the temperature at 80 I seemed to spend most of my time in the sea," Mrs. Parker Bowles told me.

## PLAYBACK ON BOARD

Last year's Lord Mayor, SIR RALPH PERRING, BT., & LADY PERRING, went off on a 64-day sea voyage to the Orient in January and then flew back—a week early—from Cairo. "We were having a wonderful time but I was beginning to get a conscience about doing some work," Sir Ralph told me. "There were several things I wanted to come home and do." Sir Ralph had their cabin on the *Andes* wired so they could use his tape recorder. For him this meant hearing, for the first time, some of the many speeches he made last year as Lord Mayor. Sir Ralph and his wife also took with them on the ship a selection of their favourite classical records.

## PROTEA FROM THE CAPE

South Africa is another smart place to go voyaging. Indeed Union Castle tell me that their first class bookings for

next January are already pretty heavy.

I've been talking to DOREEN MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW who has been staying with a cousin near the Cape and sailed home in the Transvaal Castle. "I had the most lovely weather in South Africa, only two days' rain in a whole month," she told me. Lady Linlithgow's hobby is painting, but not while she has been away. "Too much like hard work." However she did bring back a protea with her, and she is just now painting it. This is the national emblem of South Africa, and in order to keep the flower fresh during the two weeks sea voyage she had it placed in the ship's fridge.

## GOLFING BEGINNERS

What is the right age to start golf? The question came up when I was having a pre-lunch drink with Mr. & Mrs. MICHAEL BONALLACK, the reigning English golf champions, at their house in Thorpe Bay. Their daughters, GLENNA, 5, and JANE, 3, were swinging plastic golf clubs and every so often all 6 ft. 1 in. of father was on all fours fishing a golf ball out from under a sofa.

"We've never given them a lesson, but children being great imitators they just copy us," Mr. Bonallack told me. He was very much older when he took up golf, but his wife started at 13. It is reckoned that there are about 18,000 children receiving golf lessons throughout the country at present, three boys to every girl.

## POACHING BANNED

The Bonallacks seemed to agree that the best time to start playing is when children want to themselves. She started herself when her parents took it up. "They talked about their golf at every meal and then when I went to see them play I was surprised that neither of them hit the ball very far at all!" she recalled with a mischievous smile. Her parents are Mr. & Mrs. HARRY WARD. Norman Quigley, the pro at Princes, was the one who turned her into a champion while still in her teens. "At the beginning he used to say to me, 'Don't hit that ball like a poached egg.'"

## BOND AND BONALLACK

Golf with its incessant demands on time could well get in the way of domestic bliss; but it doesn't with the Bonallacks. "I have the most marvellous mother-in-law in the world, and I owe it to her as much as to anybody that I have been able to continue in championship golf," Mrs. Bonallack told me. LADY BONALLACK, and her husband, SIR RICHARD, the Essex industrialist, live in a house literally at the other end of the garden.

Mr. Bonallack, who is in his father's business, uses his lunch hour every day

through spring and summer to practise his game. He finds this doubly beneficial as it also keeps his weight down. In the last few years he has played with most of the great golfers of the day and many whose fame lies in other spheres. Ian Fleming he considers to have been his most entertaining partner. "He took his golf very seriously and he kept coming up with unexpected comments."

## A KING'S FUTURE

The new KING CONSTANTINE of Greece is a lively sportsman, and a man of considerable physical resilience. I remember him in the 1960 Olympics at Naples where he won a Gold Medal in the most hotly contested of the yachting events. By the end of the series of testing races all the leading boats looked pretty bashed about, but I noticed that the royal Dragon had less paint on it than any of the others! One of the American competitors said to me: "We should have watched him more in the beginning. We knew he was a good yachtsman but we had no idea that he could be so tough."

His winning of the Olympic gold medal endeared Constantine to the Greeks, who don't appear to have any particularly strong attachment to monarchy. Two years later at the wedding of his sister, PRINCESS SOPHIA, in Athens I noticed that it was Constantine who got the most cheers of any of the royal family during the drive to the Church.

## THE NEWS MAKER

The future may well hold heavy burdens for the new King. His lively and controversial mother, QUEEN FREDERIKA, still only 47, is likely to remain very active in Greek affairs. Then there is the new Prime Minister, M. GEORGE PAPANDREOU who has in the past voted for a republic. But whatever happens, Constantine with his throne, his yachts, his powerful two-seater, and his school-girl fiancée, PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE, prettiest of the Danish princesses, is likely to make a lot of news for a long time to come.

## OPAL FOR AUSTRALIA

Not many women would be disposed to lend a favourite piece of jewellery for *eight months*, even if it is for a good cause. Yet, that is just what the Hon. LADY GAMAGE has done. "I do feel like a nudist without it, I am so fond of it," she told me from her home at Ascot. She has lent a magnificent black opal to the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company for a series of exhibitions that are to take place in Australia. The opal, which was given her by the staff of General Electric during a visit to Australia with her husband, SIR LESLIE GAMAGE, G.E.C.'s former chairman, is mounted in the shape of a bird and Lady Gamage wears it as a brooch.





## HOVE-TO AT THE HYDE PARK

The Royal Ocean Racing Club held its annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Following a tradition of seagoing informality there was no reception before dinner—guests met over cocktails before going in to dine and dance to Tommy Kinsman's band

1 Mr. Peter Green, Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, and his wife  
2 Mrs. Michael Vernon  
3 The Hon. Mrs. Green, daughter of Lord Bicester  
4 Miss Annabel Lewis, from Derbyshire, and Mr. Jonathan D'Arcy Benson whose father has an estate on the Blackwater River in Ireland  
5 Mrs. Robert Harding  
6 Miss Ann Bromley, who was a guide with the Army ski party in Austria, and Mr. Richard Edmunds who works with a merchant bank



2



3



4



5



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

## FAIR LIKENESS IN THE KING'S ROAD

Chelsea is famous for its artists and its antiques and an amusing reminder of the former enlivened the opening of the

5th Spring Antiques Fair at Chelsea Town Hall. While Mrs. Reginald Maudling, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was making her opening speech it was noticed that an onlooker was sketching her. Mrs. Maudling was delighted by the portrait; the artist was 7-year-old Fiona McKay, daughter of one of the stallholders.

1 Mrs. J. Farmer, one of the exhibitors, reflected in an unusual Regency gilt mirror  
2 Mrs. Reginald Maudling, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who opened the fair, seen in a Chippendale mirror  
3 Mrs. W. H. Carnes of Salt Lake City, where her husband is a professor at the University of Utah, and Mrs. Duncan Scott, whose husband is Information Officer at the United States Embassy  
4 Miss J. Asquith, who works for the *International Antiques Yearbook*, Mr. Philip Wilson, son of Mr. Peter Wilson of Sotheby's, and Mr. Stafford Lorie, who lives near Paris and was exhibiting at the Fair  
5 Actress Miss Niki Abrams studying some antique china



# HIGH-STEPPING AT THE HIGHLAND

Kilts and tartan sashes swirled at Claridge's when more than 300 Scots and their guests attended the Highland Ball and recaptured for a brief evening the patterns and rhythm of traditional dances. The ball was organized by a committee under the auspices of the Highland Society of London

1 Miss Francesca Fria, Mr. Euan Harvie-Watt, son of Sir George Harvie-Watt, Bt., and Miss Jane Henderson

2 Miss Sarah Peel, daughter of Lady Kenyon

3 Colonel T. R. D. Sanders and Miss Saba Bannatyne

4 Miss Sarah Dunlop has her hairband adjusted

5 Miss Fiona Weld-Forester

6 Mr. & Mrs. David Scott of Glenaros—he was chairman of the ball committee







## LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Wearing a very new engagement ring is Miss Iona Colquhoun, only daughter of Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss, and Lady Colquhoun. Eighteen-year-old Miss Colquhoun's engagement to the Marquess of Lorne, son of the Duke of Argyll and of Mrs. Louise Clews Timpson of New York, was announced earlier this month. An engagement gift from her future mother-in-law is a length of Brussels lace which once belonged to Queen Victoria. It will quite possibly be incorporated in the wedding dress, though at the moment no secrets are being given away.

Plans have not yet been fixed for the wedding, but Lady Colquhoun tells me that it will be in Scotland, probably later this year.

More imminent is Miss Colquhoun's coming-out dance which she will share with Miss Diana Lyle, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Lyle. It will be held on 29 May at

Pimlico House, Hemel Hempstead, the home of Miss Colquhoun's uncle and aunt, the Earl & Countess of Arran.

The young couple will be looking for a home in London, for the Marquess of Lorne is in banking in the City, but their shared interests tend towards outdoor activities, including tennis, riding and ski-ing.

Sir Ivar and Lady Colquhoun and their daughter—all in London at present—are planning to spend Easter at their Scottish home in Dunbartonshire where Lord Lorne will be a guest.

### FROM RUSSIA WITH ADMIRATION

Elizabeth Ferrars, the mystery writer, has discovered that you don't need to know Russian to spend a pleasant evening with a Russian professor as principal guest. She recently gave a small dinner party at her home at Longniddry near Edinburgh to entertain the professor, who had been visiting her husband's department at the University of Edinburgh. Fortunately Miss Ferrars and her husband, botany professor Robert Brown, have a friend who speaks a little Russian, and the guest brought along a very fluent interpreter who really made the party go.

Early in the evening the Russian

professor made it known that he did not like stories about murder. Later, though, his attitude changed and before the end of the evening he was begging Miss Ferrars for a copy of one of her books (she could only find an old paperback) and urging her to autograph it for his daughter. Was it the mellowing influence of the food, the wine or the company? No one quite knows. Miss Ferrars herself has a modest explanation. "I think someone had told him that this was the sort of thing to read to improve his English because that was the way people really talked," she told me.

Miss Ferrars's latest book, *A Legal Fiction*, was published last month in Britain, and a few months ago in America, where it has also been serialized in one of the country's leading newspapers. A surprising choice for an American paper—the story hinges on a difference between English and Scots law. Usually this writer's books are serialized after she has produced them in book form, but she is currently lengthening to novel form a story which she wrote first as a serial under the title *Smoke Screen*. Miss Ferrars is planning to spend her holiday this year on a Greek island—she hasn't yet decided which one—and, "yes, it will be used eventually in a story."

### TO SIR WALTER WITH DEVOTION

More than 200 people sat down to the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club dinner held this month. This is the club's only social event and it also manages to be one of the most important in Edinburgh's social year—scarcely surprising when one remembers that this is a city of lawyers and that the club honours one of the best-known members of the Scots Bar. Probably that accounts, too, for the preponderance of legal minds over any other single profession among the club's members, though its presidents have included two Archbishops as well as five Lord Chancellors! The presidential oration this year was given by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, whose assessment of Scott was both witty and warmhearted.

One shouldn't, of course, say things like this to ardent devotees of the "Wizard" but somehow I found myself admitting to the secretary, Mr. Allan C. Frazer (himself a lawyer) that I found some of Scott's novels heavy going. One so often gets completely bogged down with detail, I complained. "Scott is like a very old-fashioned motor car," was his rejoinder. "He takes a while to get going, but once he has gained momentum, he moves forward irresistibly."

J. P.



# A FUNNY THING HAPPENED . . . TO DENZIL BATCHELOR

The invitation said Oysters. If it had said Pearls it could have hardly been more dramatically compulsive in this year of grace. But the really fabulous thing was that there were not six, not nine, not even twelve oysters on the plate put before me—but eighteen. What is more, a second plate followed the first before you could say "Tim Sandeman," my host at that fantastic lunch.

Only once before have I eaten as many oysters as I wanted: that was in Adelaide in the '30s where in a restaurant I ordered a dozen of what (if memory serves me right) were called Port Adelaides. The waiter looked puzzled but returned with two plates which covered the table and just held a single oyster on each. "We're dredging the Harbour for the other ten," he confided.

These were the largest oysters I have ever seen brought to the table, but they were far from being the most exciting. Those were the oysters served to a delicious actress, my companion at a dinner given by her chief admirer in New York. The first nine were pleasant enough, but nothing to make a girl who usually started with Beluga caviar particularly excited. But in the tenth was a pearl. My stars, the sensation! Even quite rich millionaires at other tables stood up and cheered. Even Texans did. And then . . . and then . . . there was a pearl in the eleventh oyster too. A press photographer sprang up from nowhere: he said it was a change from having to cover a story in which an actress had had her jewels stolen.

When the brouhaha had died down, the girl put her fork into the last oyster—and

fainted on the spot. There was a diamond in that one. She apologized afterwards for fainting, but said she was a simple country girl and had not realized that this was where diamonds grew: in future she would always eat oysters in case there were rubies too, for these were her favourite stones. As for me, I was cross with myself for having ordered smoked salmon.

It is nice to remember oyster stories with a happy ending, for somehow most of them seem to have been sad. A friend of my Oxford days once invited me to watch him eat 100 in an Australian restaurant: he did not suggest I join him. He ate 98 with gusto—but the 99th with disgust. It was bad: and he was so upset that he would neither order a replacement, nor swallow the 100th. I, who had been jealous throughout his snack, now felt nothing but pity for him—I need hardly say that it was a case of answered prayer.

What should one drink with oysters? Sir Compton Mackenzie thinks they call for stout rather than Champagne or Chablis. I'm bound to say, however, that I accompanied the three dozen I began by telling you about with Perrier Jouet '55 though I was grieved to learn that just before lunch there had been a directors' meeting at which someone said: "We've decided that, though all of us know of course that the final *t* in Jouet ought to be sounded, the public never will; so we've decided in future to pronounce it Jouay."

This was news hardly less ghastly than my recent reading that 90 per cent of the occupants of the Colchester and Whitstable beds and over 50 per cent of

the Helstons fell victims to our last glacial winter. I had long realized that, in spite of the nursery rhyme, "Moët and Jouet were two little men" there are expense account tycoons going around who do not know that the final *t* in Moët is sounded too. I don't know where all this will lead to. I already know a North Country novelist who pronounces the Impressionist master to rhyme with *bonnet*, and it can only be a question of time before the first three syllables of the name of the painter of Mona Lisa are pronounced like the cricketer Hutton's Christian name.

But *revenons a nos huitres*. People are always wondering who was the first man ever to eat an oyster. Well, G. F. Watts's portrait of his hypothetical likeness used to hang in the Tate and he was possibly Sergius Orata, certainly the first oyster farmer who bred the succulent bivalve in the Lucrine Lake in Northern Italy, about 100 B.C. The Romans liked their oysters minced with mussels and sea hedgehogs flavoured with pine-almonds, and eaten scalding hot. A minority, however, stimulated their palates by starting a banquet with them *au naturel* and then consumed further plates whenever they found their appetites flagging. But it was a medieval Briton of whom it was written:

*Here lies poor Tom beneath this stump,  
Deep buried in these cloisters.  
If, at the sound of the last trump,  
He's not for judgment in one jump—  
Just raise the cry of Oysters!*

I can only remember the oyster-feasts of Rome and the Middle Ages dimly from my previous incarnations, but I have the liveliest recollections of being Guest of Honour at the Galway Oyster Festival three years ago. The ceremony took place on the final rocky promontory of Ireland: our western next door neighbours lived in New York. On a stage filled with pipers arrived first the gold-and-scarlet clad Mayor, Alderman Fintan Coogan, T.D., emerging from his 17th-century Claddagh coach. Then out of the sea came Neptunia, a beautiful harpist whose other name is Kathleen Watkins. The tradition is that the Mayor eats the first oyster, washed down with a quart of Guinness. This was hard work, as he happened to be a teetotaler. His predecessor wasn't, but was allergic to oysters; and press photographers wanting what they always want, he had to swallow that first oyster a dozen times, before escaping to privacy. Neptunia too confessed to me that she hated oysters; they didn't go with harping and she much preferred a buttered bun. But when we adjourned to Paddy Burke's I was introduced to "the second best tin-whistle player in the country"—who says the Irish butter you up? He confessed that he had once eaten 450 at a meal.

Ah well, that day we ate 7,200 between the lot of us. Not a record, of course, or anything like it, and there wasn't a pearl in a single shell. But as the tin-whistle player put it: "There was something better—there was an oyster."



# A PROSPECT OF CHISWICK MALL

in words by Mark Bence-Jones and pictures by Barry Swaebe



The old houses are of red and fawn brick or white stucco, there are wrought iron gates, trees and gardens, there is the Thames itself, always moving always changing, gleaming under the sun by day and reflecting the lights by night. But it is something more than the sum of all these things that gives Chiswick Mall its particular quality. Other neighbourhoods are beautiful, but they have their ups and downs: smart at one time, later shabby, finally slums. Then they are "discovered" and done up in a rather self-conscious way. Chiswick Mall has managed to keep the same; it has never been smart like Mayfair; never a neighbourhood of rich people. But its fine, spacious houses have always been lived in by people of standing; interest and achievement. John Bowack wrote in 1705: "The pleasant village of

Chiswick, though but small, is so pleasantly situated out of the road and free from noise, dust and hurry that it has for many years past boasted of more illustrious and noble persons than any of its neighbours." The description still holds good. "The road," in the form of the new West Road, is closer now but still out of sight and earshot and the Mall remains "free from noise, dust and hurry." It was equally true in Tudor times, when Chiswick was handy to Richmond Palace. Before that the young King Henry VI kept his Court here for a few years, just about the time when the tower of the parish church at the south-western end of the Mall was built. Chiswick continued to flourish after Richmond Palace had disappeared; for it was on the way to Hampton Court when people travelled by water. Then Lord Burlington

rebuilt Chiswick House as a Palladian villa and attracted writers and artists to the neighbourhood. Writers and artists favoured Chiswick even more in the 19th century when William Morris lived in nearby Hammersmith.

One gets an even stronger feeling of continuity from the fact that the same sort of people, or even the same people, were living here in the 20s and 30s. Walpole House, originally Tudor, then remodelled between 1660 and 1700 when it is said to have been lived in by Charles II's favourite, Barbara Villiers, was bought in 1926 by the late Mr. Robert Benson, grandfather of Mr. Jeremy Benson, whose home it is today. Bedford House, was bought by its present owners, Sir Arthur and Lady Ellis, in 1928. They sold it to Sir Michael Redgrave in 1945 but bought it back in



1954. Before 1928, it belonged to the late Mr. Warwick Draper, who wrote what is perhaps the best history of Chiswick. His daughter, Mrs. James Ritchie, still lives on the Mall. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edwards have lived at Suffolk House for 29 years. Mr. Anthony Lousada, though he has been in his present house, The Tides, only since 1948, has lived in the neighbourhood since 1937.

Mr. and Mrs. John Macgregor have lived at Red Lion House, a former inn, for 17 years and in the neighbourhood for much longer. "Once you've lived here, you always want to come back," says Mrs. Ritchie, who has lived for 14 years at Eyot Cottage, one of the few houses on the river side of the Mall. She herself has been away in New Zealand, but has lived on or near the Mall for most of her life; at Bedford House and Island House, at William Morris's house in Hammersmith—fittingly, her father was a William Morris socialist—and in Hammersmith Terrace. "Everybody here gets on so well together, yet they are so different." This friendliness strikes one more than anything else about the Mall. Sir Rowland Whitehead believes this to be the only street in London where everybody knows at least 75 per cent of everybody else. He and his Norwegian wife came to live at Sutton House about 10 years ago, soon after their marriage. When they first came there were few young people like themselves. Now there are many; among them Mr. and Mrs. George Nissen, who bought Swan House about three years ago.

Certainly, as Mrs. Ritchie says, the people on the Mall are very different. Her husband, Mr. James Ritchie, is an engineer. Sir Arthur Ellis is a distinguished physician, like Dr. Maurice Shaw, who lives at Morton House, a Tudor house with an early Georgian façade and panelling. Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Benson are both architects and use the big dining room at Walpole House as their office. Another architect is Mr. John Macgregor who is also Technical Adviser to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, who came to Said House in 1959 after she gave up her seat in the Commons, have both devoted their lives to politics. Mr. Robert Austin, who lives at Lingard House, is a Royal Academician and President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Ralph Edwards is the joint author of *The Dictionary of English Furniture* and has been Keeper of the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria & Albert. Mr. Anthony Lousada is a solicitor. But they all have in common a love of fine houses and beautiful things.

As one would expect, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have some splendid furniture and also some excellent pictures, including drawings by Constable and Turner. Mr. Lousada collects modern pictures; his house, one of two on the Mall by the Victorian architect, Norman Shaw, is a

good background to the French Impressionists collected by his father, which include a Renoir and a Monet. Sir Rowland Whitehead is a committee member of the William Morris Society. He and Lady Whitehead both paint; he collects Victorian pictures, ceramics by William de Morgan, Etruscan ware and ancient Chinese pottery. Mr. Ritchie is interested in books and bookbinding. Mrs. Shaw collects china hands and has made Morton House really beautiful; Mrs. Macgregor collects china and gilt swans and never ceases to be delighted by the proportions of the long Georgian drawing room at Red Lion House. Mr. and Mrs. Benson appreciate every inch of Walpole House: the splendid 17th-century brick façades, the panelled rooms, the staircase with its beautiful oak joinery and sense of movement.

But the people on the Mall don't just appreciate their own houses, they appreciate the Mall as a whole. Sir Rowland Whitehead likes having one of the few bedrooms in London where you can see the reflection of water on your ceiling. Lord and Lady Davidson enjoy watching the wild life on the river: among the gulls, ducks and swans there are sometimes unusual visitors like Great Northern Divers. The Davidsons heard of Said House by chance, never having been there before. Other people, too, fell in love with the Mall and their houses at first sight.

The Mall has its boat-lovers too. They include the Macgregors, the Nissens, the Lousadas and the Ritchies. But there aren't as many as one might expect—surprisingly since there is a garden belonging to each house on the River side of the Mall; so keeping boats should be easy. But there are some people who use the river the whole time: the people who live in the barges. Mr. John Harrison and his wife Shirley and their children live in *Cetus*, a 50-year-old Thames barge which went to Dunkirk. Farther along, near the church, is *Mayflower II*, the floating home of Ginny Brown and her family. She has told of the adventures of life afloat in her book, *Swans At My Window*. The river plays its part in the lives of most people on the Mall. Once a year, everybody crosses to the island or Eyot (pronounced "eight") to cut the willows. Boat Race Day is the excuse for many parties, which become more or less open house. The Vicar, the Rev. G. A. Lewis Lloyd, finds the Georgian bow window of the Vicarage excellent for watching the race. One can watch rowing almost any day; the megaphone voice of the coach on the opposite bank is a familiar sound.

When the tide is high, the river comes across the gardens and on to the Mall itself. It is nice seeing swans on the street; but if you've a party and are cut off, your guests are likely to be with you for a long time. "On 16 December I paddled

*continued on page 670*



*Sutton House with its elegant cupola is the home of Sir Rowland and Lady Whitehead (above, right). The name commemorates the Manor of Sutton, in ancient times part of Chiswick. Lady Whitehead is Norwegian, her husband is president of the Thames-side Boys Club and a committee member of the William Morris Society. They have two children, Philippa, 9, and Philip Henry, 6. Right: the Rev. G. A. Lewis Lloyd walks in the graveyard (it contains the tombs of Hogarth and Whistler) of his parish church. It was rebuilt in 1882 by J. L. Pearson but the tower is 15th century. Top right: Journalist Shirley Harrison, her husband and their two small children, live aboard the 50-year-old Thames barge Cetus. They bought it five years ago. Far right: Mrs. Shaw, secretary of the Old Chiswick Protection Society, stands in the doorway of Morton House. She and her husband, Dr. Maurice Shaw, have lived there 11 years. "It's almost like the country, yet near town."*







home, but it was worth it," said Mrs. Macgregor. Very high tides are apt to swamp cars and flood basements. At Swan House, instead of the usual gate, there is a watertight door. Like the river, the new road has its advantages and disadvantages. Getting to and from the middle of London is much easier. And there is now very little traffic on the Mall, though there are still those who, in the words of Lady Davidson, "like to race, to the danger of dogs and children." But the road has completely cut off the Mall from the streets behind. One has to go by the roundabouts, which means a lot of doubling back; or else by the subways, which old people find difficult. For Mr. and Mrs. Tiffin, who have a shop at the Hammersmith end of the Mall, the road is a disaster: cutting their business in half.

That the Mall should keep its character matters a lot not only to the people who live on it, but also to the hundreds who walk along it at week-ends. Up to now, it has been remarkably free from ugly development. The buildings of the Mall's industries, Fuller's Brewery, the Mill Bakery and Chiswick Products, are unobtrusive; they make one feel that the Mall is part of a live village and not just a show piece. About six years ago, there was a threat to replace five houses with a block of flats. As a result, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Shaw and others formed the Old Chiswick Protection Society. The Society managed to save the houses, after a fight of four-and-a-half years; though it was a close thing. Now, under the secretaryship of Mrs. Shaw, who knows more about Chiswick's past than almost anybody else on the Mall, the Society is very alert. The Mall is certainly safe in the hands of the people who live on it; and since none of these people has any intention of going, there should be little worry about the future.

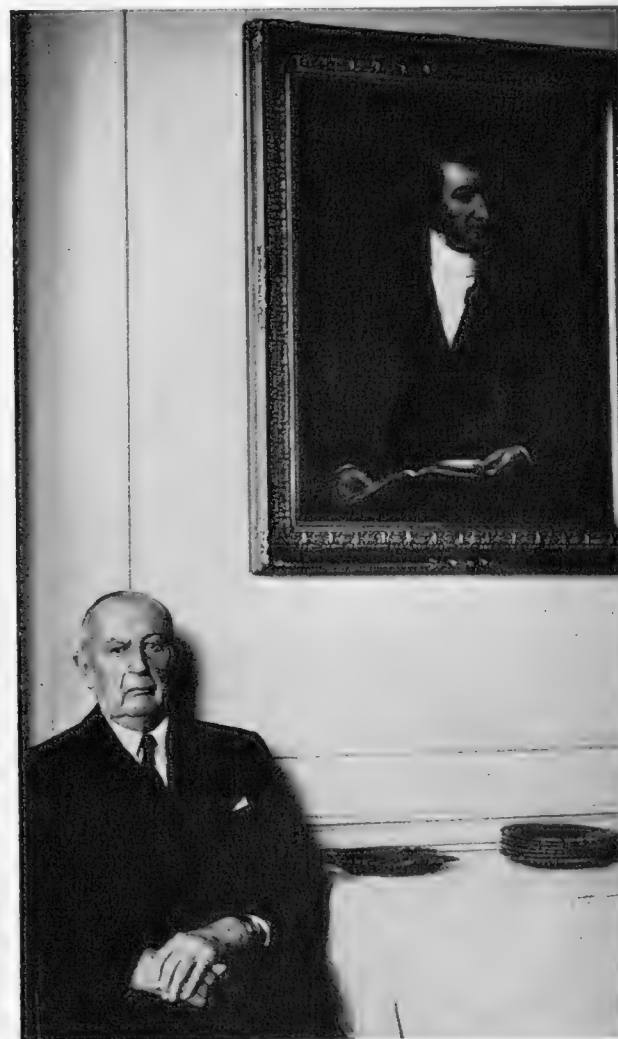
*Viscountess Davidson, D.B.E., stands before a blue and gold Flemish tapestry in the drawing room of Said House. A former M.P. and now a life peeress, she and her husband (above, right) are the first husband and wife to sit in the Lords who have both been given peerages. Viscount Davidson, whose own political career began before the First World War—he is a former Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and chairman of the Conservative Party—bought Said House about five years ago. The huge plate-glass bow window with its sweeping view of the river is in a wing of the 17th-century house which was added some 35 years ago by the late Sir Nigel Playfair, the actor-manager who owned the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith*







Left: Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Lousada live at *The Tides*. He is a solicitor and his wife, who comes from New York, was in the Balanchine Ballet Company. Mr. Lousada is a Trustee of the Tate Gallery and vice-chairman of the Royal College of Art. The house contains some magnificent French Impressionist paintings as well as a collection of modern paintings, of which two are seen here. The picture over the fireplace was painted by the French artist Manessier in 1960. The smaller painting is by the Portuguese artist Viera da Silva and was done in 1958



Above: Sir Arthur Ellis, Canadian-born and a distinguished physician, sits below the portrait of his grandfather, the Rev. William Ellis. Sir Arthur and Lady Ellis have lived at Bedford House since 1928 with a nine-year break from 1945 to 1954.

Left: Victorian splendour in the saloon of *Mayflower II*, the converted coal barge that is the home of authoress Ginny Brown, her actor-producer husband, Phil, and their son, Jed. The Browns are Californians; they have lived afloat since they had to leave their house in Hammersmith. Mrs. Brown has told the story in her book *Swans At My Window*. Appropriately behind one of the pictures is a hole specially for feeding the river swans



Right: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edwards live at Suffolk House. They are seen in the drawing room. The house is full of beautiful and fascinating objects, as one might expect, since Mr. Edwards is the author of *The Dictionary of English Furniture*. He has also been Keeper of the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria & Albert Museum and has organized several exhibitions



Above: Mrs. George Nissen lives at Swan House; she is seen with her children Dinah, 5, and Rosanna, 2½. Mrs. Nissen—she comes from New York—and her husband have always admired Chiswick Mall and bought Swan House three years ago: "We made an offer on the day we first saw it." Right: Mrs. James Ritchie at Eyot Cottage with her actress daughter, Meg, and her son, John, who is in the Merchant Navy. Their home contains some pale oak furniture designed by a previous owner, Charles Spooner, a relation of the legendary Doctor







Left: Red Lion House with its galleried front and the punchbowls and baskets of grapes in the plasterwork frieze of the long Georgian dining room, once used by the Manor Courts, bears evident traces of its former life as an inn. The house is now the home of Mrs. John Macgregor (below) who treasures among her possessions a collection of china swans. She does voluntary work for child welfare in South London. Mrs. Macgregor keeps the original inn sign in the hall



Left: Jane, 3½, and Henrietta, 18 months, two of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Benson, in the garden of Walpole House. The garden, one of the finest on the Mall, will be open to the public on 26 April and 31 May. Walpole House, traditionally the home of Charles II's favourite, Barbara Villiers, takes its name from the Hon. Thomas Walpole, nephew of the first Prime Minister and cousin of Horace, who lived there from 1799 to 1803. Thackeray was a pupil at a boy's school there in 1820 and he used it later as the model for Miss Pinkerton's Academy in *Vanity Fair*

# *Regularly and fairly*





With the point-to-point season well under way, photographer Desmond O'Neill visited former champion amateur rider Gay Kindersley at his Berkshire home. There he asked him about the special attractions of this most amateur type of racing

Nearly every Saturday from February to May this year Gay Kindersley will be riding in point-to-points all over England. Since his first race—at a regimental meeting in Germany in 1950 where he was serving with the 7th Hussars—he has competed every season collecting winners, broken bones and concussions. He has also ridden in hunter chases with victories in the Foxhunters at Cheltenham and the Past & Present Hunters 'Chase at Sandown Park's Grand Military Meeting, but this year will concentrate on "pointing."

"Racing a good horse over fences gives me the greatest thrill imaginable," he said as we talked in the office at his home, Parsonage Farm, a few miles from the big National Hunt centre of Lambourn. "If I had to give up point-to-pointing it would be a great chunk out of my life. It's nearly as much fun as riding at Cheltenham except for the weather, which can make it damn miserable at some of the early meetings. I have no weight problems—I usually scale about 11 stone—but I'm more cautious these days. I once rode a bucking bronco at the Calgary Stampede, I stayed on for 8 seconds was unconscious for 4 hours afterwards. But that's 10 years back."

In the up-to-date stables opposite his office we watched the three Kindersley point-to-point horses being saddled up for morning exercise. "Luckily, I've always had enough money to ride," he said. "Five years ago one could have bought a good point-to-pointer for £700. It would cost twice that today. Stable expenses go up all the time, of course, and the £40 top prize money allowed by the rules—more often £30 for most races—doesn't go far in meeting these."

We followed the horses led by Ross Spur, his current number one mount on which he won the Bullingdon Club Race at Crowell, the opening meeting of this

*Mr. Gay Kindersley on his horse Rose Spur in the Bullingdon Club Race, leads the field half-way round (left) and clears the last fence (below) to win*





*Robin (7) gives Kim (4) a lift to feed one of the horses in their father's, Mr. Gay Kindersley's, stables. Right: Mr. Kindersley and his wife Margaret leave their home, Parsonage Farm, for a meeting. Below right: Bookmaker's clerks recording bets at a point-to-point.*

season, former racehorse Harrow Hall and 14-year-old J'Arrive, winner of 21 races, to a nearby part of the Berkshire Downs where Mr. Kindersley farms 1,000 acres. "This is the border of the Old Berkshire and the Craven Hunt countries," he said, mounting Ross Spur for a gallop. "I qualify the horses with either pack and when I take them out hunting, we're out for most of the day."

The business of qualifying a hunter for point-to-pointing and the interpretation of the rule "Regularly and fairly hunted" has aroused some controversy in recent years. This season's new "4 and out" rule (any horse which wins four men's Open races becomes debarred from competing in similar events in the same season) looks like starting another row.

I put this point to Gay Kindersley as we drove back to the stables. "The new rule is just about due," he said "it keeps away the 'pot-hunters' and gives the smaller owner more of a chance.

"Point-to-pointing has an atmosphere all its own. People who have never been on a proper racecourse in their lives turn out in their thousands for the local point-to-point—a meeting like the Old Surrey & Burstow's in late spring is typical and one of the best. Courses don't change much; West Country ones are the toughest but the trickiest I've ever raced over was the old Crowell course in Oxfordshire. At one meeting there, all eight runners including myself and my father came down. I was brought down by my joint-Master of the Oxford University Drag Hounds but I managed to catch my horse and get home first. Larkhill on Salisbury Plain is about the best course for really testing a point-to-pointer that I know and the most consistent horse I've seen in the South is Mr. Guy Harwood's Spinster's Folly."

The green, mauve sash of Kindersley colours have achieved one of their owner's two great ambitions. In 1960 he was the Champion Amateur Rider with 22 winners, but winning the Grand National has so far eluded him. "Four times something has gone wrong—the nearest I came was last year with Carrickbeg second."







PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER

## Picking up sticks

### Counterspy by Elizabeth Williamson

The sportiest sticks to pick up are (left) John Letters of Scotland's handsome Power Master wood: £5 11s. 5d. at Harrods who also sell the renowned Wilson Sam Snead signature clubs.

The newest thing in golf is Dunlop's range designed by the experts. Centre: Dunlop's Jessie Valentine Power Flow iron in stainless steel with a chrome finish. These clubs with light blue rubber grips are designed specially

for women; the woods are made from persimmon which is treated to resist moisture. The set is 4 woods, 2 to 10 irons, a sand iron and a putter. Woods: £5 10s., irons: £4 10s., and putter: £3 16s. 6d. All at Simpson.

Third: Dunlop's Arnold Palmer range has maxply-laminated wood heads that never warp, split or crack. Each club is swing-weight tested on a machine and checked on the official swing balance. Nice extra is the head cover which

is supplied free with each wood. The woods cost £6 15s. each, irons: 5 gns., and the putter: £3 19s. 6d. All from Moss Bros. who also sell secondhand clubs in first rate condition, smartened and shining like new. There is a new set of two LP records (app. by the P.G.C.A.) by Arnold Palmer of expert spoken instruction on every stroke and trick in the game: 57s. 6d. from Moss Bros. The Dunlop '65 golf balls in the picture are the American size used increasingly here.

# WINNING WAYS

Summer sports are for enjoyment and should show you at your outdoor best, dressed to win games and influence onlookers, or at least to lose gracefully and prettily. Whatever your handicap, it needn't include your clothes, and Unity Barnes here co-ordinates some tee'd-up gear for games-women. The sporting scene is set in drawings by Eric Stemp



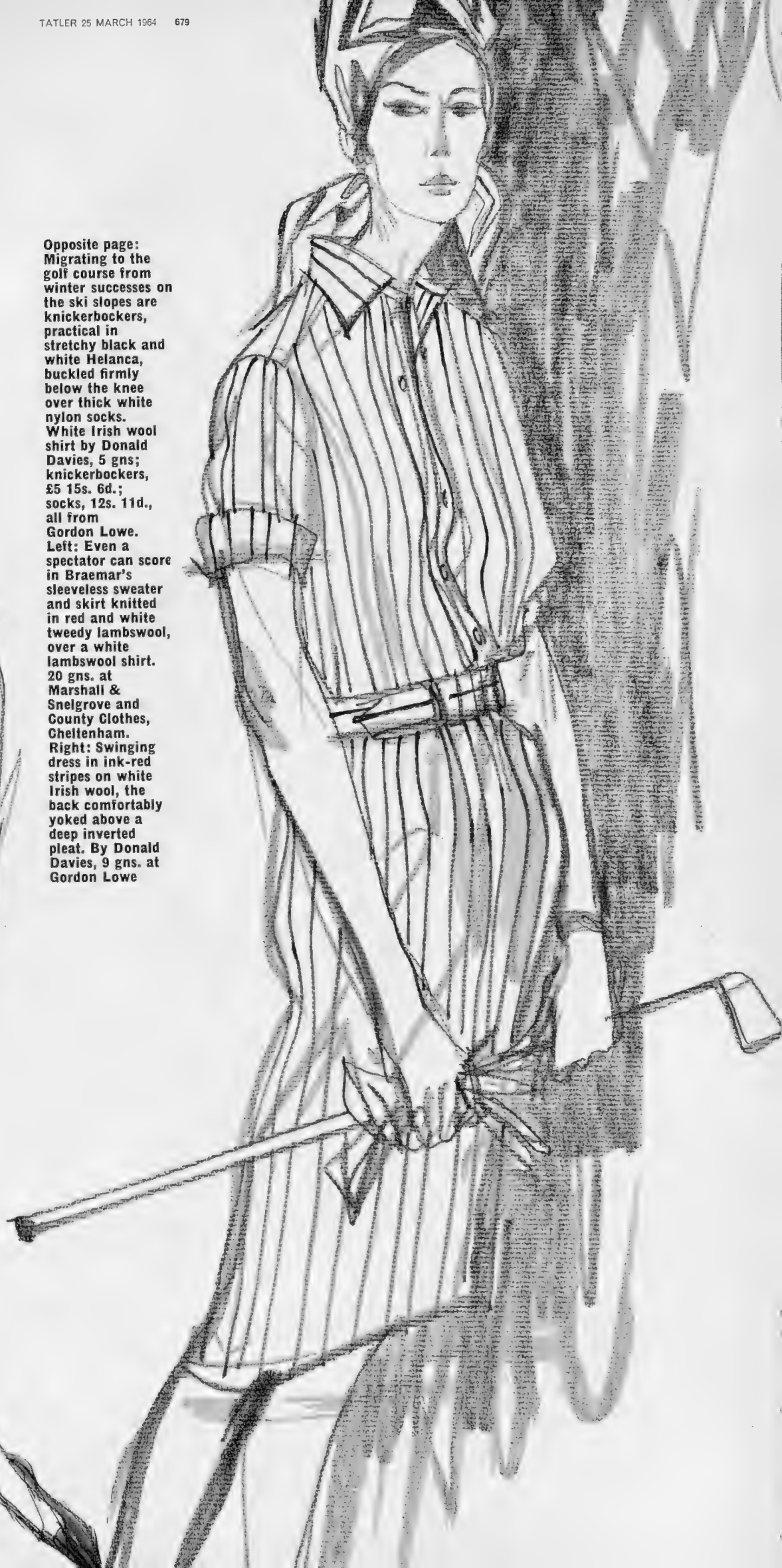


Opposite page:  
Migrating to the  
golf course from  
winter successes on  
the ski slopes are  
knickerbockers,  
practical in  
stretchy black and  
white Helanca,  
buckled firmly  
below the knee  
over thick white  
nylon socks.

White Irish wool  
shirt by Donald  
Davies, 5 gns;  
knickerbockers,  
£5 15s. 6d.;  
socks, 12s. 11d.,  
all from  
Gordon Lowe.

Left: Even a  
spectator can score  
in Braemar's  
sleeveless sweater  
and skirt knitted  
in red and white  
tweedy lambswool,  
over a white  
lambswool shirt.  
20 gns. at  
Marshall &  
Snelgrove and  
County Clothes,  
Cheltenham.

Right: Swinging  
dress in ink-red  
stripes on white  
Irish wool, the  
back comfortably  
yoked above a  
deep inverted  
pleat. By Donald  
Davies, 9 gns. at  
Gordon Lowe



**This page:** Lazy onlookers can relax unashamedly in Ballantyne's thick two-ply cashmere jacket, spice-coloured, with twisted gilt buttons and a matched-up skirt in Shetland tweed. £15 7s. 6d. together at Harrods. Amber and black silk scarf by Richard Allan, £3 15s. at Harrods. Opposite page, left: Pringle's extra-long, Cambridge blue Shetland cardigan, low-buttoned, goes over a Daks golf skirt, back-pleated, in navy Terylene and linen, and a navy cotton sleeveless polo sweater. Cardigan, £4 19s. 6d.; skirt, 6 gns.; sweater, £2 19s. 6d. Navy and white golf shoes, £6 15s. All from Simpson. Centre: For practical pessimists, a jacket in Aqua-5 proofed cotton, off-white, lined with camel-coloured wool, 12½ gns. The skirt in shower-proofed beige and white checked wool has two low back pleats, 7½ gns. Classic Shetland sweater, £3 15s. All at Aquascutum. Right: Geranium-red proofed poplin jacket, almost weightless, with its own little headscarf, £7 19s. 6d.; lithe grey flannel stretch trousers, 9 gns.; white Bri-nylon polo sweater, 3 gns.; brown and white golf shoes, 6½ gns. All from Lillywhites







**Wimbledon girls will again be all in white, and other girls who know what's good will be following their head-turning example**

**Left:** A neat little buttoned-down collar and a crisply pleated skirt balance the long, smooth body line of a white Tricel and linen dress by Londonus, £4 9s. 11d. at D. H. Evans.

**Right:** Long, thickly ribbed white Orlon cardigan edged with a Greek-key pattern in Lurex, 6 gns. Shirt in Terylene and cotton with ribbed hem, £2 19s. 11d. Brief Terylene and cotton shorts, 3 gns. All by Teddy Tinling at Gordon Lowe.

**Centre right:** Terylene and linen mixture dress with a demure touch of lace at the neck and around the top of the little flared skirt, which is satin-lined for extra weight. By Teddy Tinling, 11 gns. from Lillywhites.

**Side-fastened shoes by Bally at Lillywhites.**

**Far right:** A hint of Paris comes to the courts in this pique dress with its deep V-front filled in by a cross-tucked vest of Swiss cotton.

**By Teddy Tinling, 7 gns. at Gordon Lowe**









Uncommitted clothes, these, for walking, or cycling, croquet perhaps, or bowling, or just for the super-luxury of watching others at play

Left: Culottes in coarse brown pseudo-linen, by Max Theodore, £3 9s. 6d. at the Victoria & Albert Boutique. Long-line cardigan in sandy lambswool, belted and patch-pocketed, by Ryburn, £4 12s. 6d. at Liberty.

Far left: Sugar pink boucle wool Daks skirt with big patch pockets, a deep, soft front pleat, topped by a paler pink classic Dacron and cotton shirt by Lady Hathaway, the two linked by a wide navy calf belt. Skirt, 8½ gns., shirt, £4 17s. 6d., belt, £2 5s. all at Simpson.

Right: Workmanlike pink Dacron and cotton shirt with positive pockets, by London Pride, £2 19s. 6d. at Lillywhites and Joseph Johnson, Leicester. White Terylene and worsted skirt with low-set box pleats, by Waldman, £7 2s. 6d. at Lillywhites, London and Edinburgh.

Far right: Jade green all-weather jacket in proofed Aquapert paplin with buttoned pockets and cuffs, 8½ gns. Daks navy flannel trousers, £7 10s. Hooded jade wool sweater, £6 19s. 6d. All at Simpson





GOOD  
LOOKS  
BY  
ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

# THE COUNTRY GIRL



BARRY WARNER

The country girl has moved to town. Her apple blossom cheeks, candid gaze and wind-brushed hair look as good in Bond Street as they do by the lake.

She breezes along in a cloud of Lenthéric's Tweed scent which reminds her of the country. There is a new strength in this scent that comes midway between the perfume itself and the toilet water. Called Essence of Tweed, an ounce costs 21s.

Some country girls wash their own hair between visits to the hairdresser because they like it 100% clean and shiny. They prefer the lemony scent of French of London's new one-wash shampoo. The combination of lemon for thorough cleansing and oil for conditioning

results in hair that is as clean as a child's.

Country girls want a skin that feels fresh from a country walk. Germaine Monteil's Super Masque makes their faces outdoor glowing. This masque is an extremely light pearly pink emulsion. It is so gentle that the under-eye area benefits from it too. Take it down over the neck and shoulders to clear away any sign of a winter spent cosseted under high collars. One ounce of this pretty masque costs 35s.

Country girls love to bathe in a bath of spring flowers. They pick a bath oil that only needs two or three drops to impregnate the water. Guerlain's Chant d'Aromes has the required spring freshness.



# on plays

THE DIRECTION IS ALL

In his new play, *A Kayf Up West*, at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, Mr. Frank Norman again explores the seamier side of Soho life, this time without the accompaniment of Mr. Lionel Bart's music. Not entirely due to this lack there are other weak points about a play in which many hares are started and few last the course. Technically this is not a well formed piece of work, leaving too many loose ends and particularly too many *diminuendos* tailing off not so much into obscurity as into invisibility. Having said which, it is far more pleasant to add that there is a good deal of humour, at least two sharply characterized vignettes and much of that vigorous brashness which the playwright mysteriously renders inoffensive.

Tommie is the young man who is the hero or, more exactly, the slightly off-central character of the story. He roams in to a sleazy Soho café armed with a suitcase and a readiness to be swept into a new kind of life. In fact, the sweeping is a fairly vague process and consists of Tommie following in the wake of a

group of layabouts, eccentrics, dope peddlers and tarts who make the "kayf" their day-time headquarters, chalking up endless cups of tea on the slate and straggling off at night to sleep on the floor of a room in a bombed house. Not all their lives are completely purposeless, as evidenced by their well-organized exits from the rickety shelter, furtive enough not to attract police attention. There is also a petty thief who, in his small way, is as brisk and preoccupied with his plans as any City Director. The young prostitute, too, has a schedule of her own, and a big coloured man and his white buddy occasionally show some little, if consistently sordid, initiative. Their worry is to keep the marijuana supply flowing and there is one comic scene in which they plant a supply of seeds in some flower-pots at Kew Gardens, leaving them to be tended with that institution's legendary care, until they reach maturity.

Another of their projects is to meet the "spade trains" coming into London with West Indian immigrants, and such an interlude is a good example

of what I mean by petering out, for the meeting produces nothing but a cheerful, dancing bunch of coloured girls who soon vanish leaving no impress at all on the plot. For the rest there is a mixed lot of a poet living in a fantasy world of eager publishers; a pansy, so ineffectual as to be innocuous; a rag-bundled countess and a greasy but on the whole benevolent café keeper. These are the drifters and Tommie drifts with them, on one occasion to an improbable party in a Mayfair flat (some good dialogue here), where the decoration consists of an *objet trouvé*, a spade lowered into prominence on cords, and on another occasion into a really ham-fisted attempt at burglary.

Here Tommie is quickly picked up by the waiting police but his crook friend gets away by a quick but handsome bribe and a faked knock-out.

After this follows what is by far the most effective and memorable part of the play dramatically speaking: a fast moving, brilliantly directed prison sequence which seemed to me more authentic than anything of the kind that I had witnessed before. Miss Joan Littlewood is as responsible here as the author for bringing the play to a savage but wholly credible form of life and of electrifying the entire course

of the evening. Her direction is not simply to be praised but to be recognized for what it is: a strongly individual form of inventive stagecraft in which she uses movement and pace to concertina time and to turn out a scenic effect which has elements of the brutal, the comic, the tense and above all the human. This is a considerable feat and one is reminded by it that Miss Littlewood is in a class of her own.

When Tommie comes out after doing his "bit of bird" he finds that his girl has predictably gone to another man, the little crook, and that the café is threatened with closing by the health authorities. He wanders off again as another like innocent arrives and is taken in hand by tarts and layabouts once more. This is possibly realistic but it is curiously undramatic, another living loose end, and one has the feeling that the play, far from reaching a conclusion, just leaves off.

It is undoubtedly hard but inevitable that a playwright with one big success to his name should be judged by that standard. What is missing and what one sincerely hoped to find is more of the crackling zest of *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*. Mr. Norman being a young and resourceful writer may very well capture that again in his next play.



Christopher Plummer plays Hamlet in the production of *Hamlet* at Elsinore which was recorded last September in Kronborg Castle, the actual scene of Shakespeare's tragedy and will be shown on BBC television on 19 April. The cast also includes Alec Clunes (Polonius), Robert Shaw (Claudius), June Tobin (Gertrude), Jo Maxwell Muller (Ophelia), Roy Kinnear (the Gravedigger) and Michael Caine (Horatio)

# on films

## BLOOD-BOLTERED BETTE

Miss Bette Davis gives a couple of stupendous performances in *Dead Image*—a nice, meaty melodrama with a highly ingenious plot on good, old-fashioned *Payment Deferred* lines, admirably directed by Mr. Paul Henreid. She plays twin sisters—and her skill in conveying the difference in their natures is quite riveting. So successfully does Miss Davis partner herself in this latest story of a long-cherished sisterly hatred that one does not bother to wonder whatever happened to Miss Joan Crawford?

Miss Edith (Miss D.), who runs a shabby Los Angeles cocktail bar, looks so exactly like Margaret (Miss D.), the rich widow of the only man Edith ever loved, it's conceivable that she might get away with impersonating her. This occurs to her in a fit of rage brought on by the discovery that Margaret won the dear man 18 years ago by the meanest of tricks—thus robbing Edith of her hopes of happiness.

Luring Margaret to the flat above the cocktail bar, Edith shoots her dead, swaps clothes with the corpse, leaves beside it a suicide note and sweeps

out—to take possession of her despicable twin's luxury mansion and all that goes with it. There are, of course, bound to be snags if one embarks on this sort of thing. It's all very exciting and jolly good fun, too—with Miss Davis, scarcely off the screen for a minute, having herself a regular field-day and again proving that she is a dramatic actress of unsurpassable strength and brilliance.

There is no plot in *The Caretaker*, Mr. Clive Donner's film version of Mr. Harold Pinter's play, yet it is utterly absorbing. Like *Il Mare* (reviewed last week) it has only three characters, but because these are real people, shaped by the lives they have led, and not, as in that Italian bore, three self-consciously posturing puppets, one cannot take one's eyes off them.

Mr. Donald Pleasence is magnificent as the filthy, tetchily aggressive old tramp to whom a kindly, slow-witted young man (movingly played by Mr. Robert Shaw) gives house-room in his junk-filled attic—and Mr. Alan Bates is superb as Mr. Shaw's volatile younger brother, given to startling out-

bursts of ferocity. Mr. Shaw, as we learn from himself in a positively heart-rending scene, is the victim of an injury to his brain—and Mr. Bates, though impatient with him, does not want him preyed upon by anybody.

The interplay between the two brothers and the rascally old tramp to whom Mr. Shaw, out of simple good nature, and Mr. Bates, for his own cruel amusement, offer the job of caretaker is the whole film—and Mr. Donner, using his camera like an artist, makes it so endlessly fascinating that one craves no more action than this interplay provides.

Mr. Pleasence, exuding horrid cunning, thanklessly accepts all Mr. Shaw's kindness, snarls at and bullies him and is in turn snarled at and bullied (and relentlessly teased) by Mr. Bates—whom he, all the same, feels might do better by him than the retarded brother. He has only to make the mistake of running down Mr. Shaw to Mr. Bates to find himself discarded by the angry young man—he must now, if he is to keep a roof over his head, try to wheedle his way back into the good books of Mr. Shaw, whom he has grievously insulted by throwing his disability in his face.

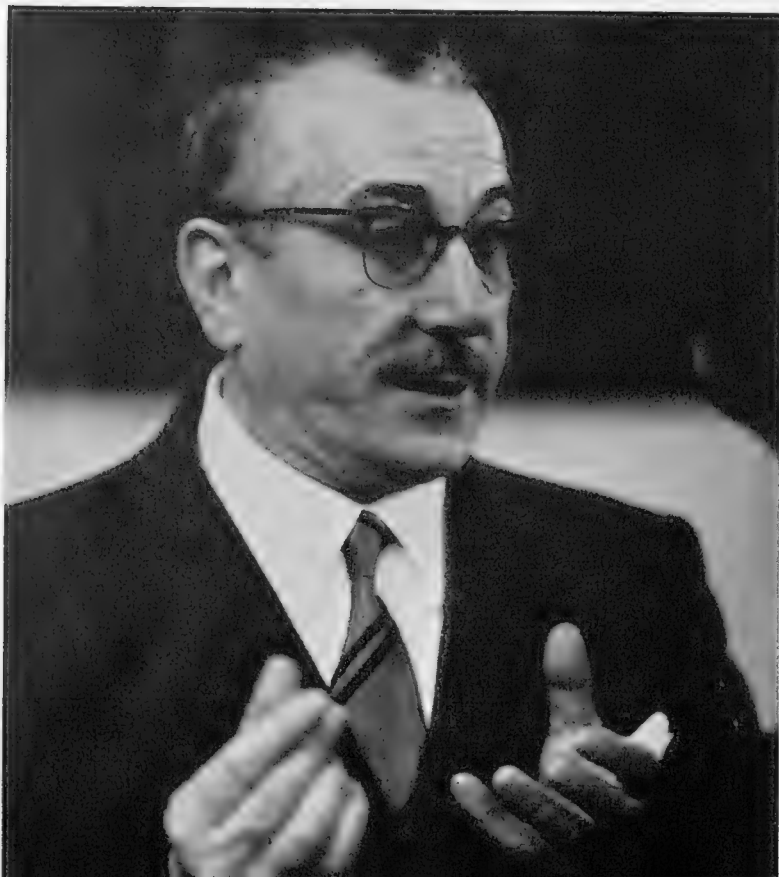
Mr. Pinter has an unerring ear for dialogue and it is the measure of his humanity that one feels sorry for all his three

characters—even the beastly, grovelling, grunting old tramp arouses pity rather than disgust, locked up as he is in the bitterness and resentment which have brought him to his present pass and must eventually prove his undoing.

Though the characters are not confined within a single set—Mr. Donner briefly lets them out of the derelict Hackney house, to shiver in its bleak little garden or shuffle down a snowy street—the claustrophobic atmosphere of the play has been miraculously preserved: the fact is, I think, that the characters are in themselves claustrophobic—since they are pathetically incapable of escaping from or changing their condition. If this remarkable film does not come your way—for some inexplicable reason it seems it may be given only limited distribution—please ask for it. Demand it, at the top of your voice. If you love the cinema, you deserve to see it. You will find it a rare and unforgettable experience.

*Love in Las Vegas* stars Mr. Elvis Presley as a racing motorist, and Ann-Margret as the girl he gets in the end (poor thing)—and looks like a whacking great advertisement for Las Vegas, pointing out that there are all sorts of gay things you can do there besides getting a quick divorce and losing all your money in the gambling joints.

Right: *Anthea Alley*, seen with second daughter, *Melitta*, 20 months, has an exhibition of her new sculptures and paintings at the *Hamilton Gallery*. Below: *Peppino de Filippo*, most famous of *Neapolitan actor-directors*, will appear in his own play *Metamorphoses of a Wandering Minstrel* from 7 to 18 April in the framework of the *World Theatre Season* at the *Aldwych Theatre*



PHOTOGRAPHS: ROMANO CAGNONI



# on books

QUESTIONS OF IMAGE

Sir Philip Magnus's **King Edward the Seventh** (John Murray 50s) is the history of a man who magnificently succeeded in reconciling temperament with tradition. From one of his earliest public appearances—driving down Broadway in a custom-built barouche (1860)—to one of his last—quietly endeavouring to read the papers on Worthing Pier (1910)—Edward contrived to combine a life of high sophistication with a very real sense of monarchical duty. It was not simply a question of opening housing schemes in Bethnal Green (though he did some of that); it was a question of image. By his forthright appearances as Prince of Wales, Edward did much to rescue the idea of the crown from the sinister oblivion into which his mother's somewhat operatic mourning had plunged it. No doubt of it: he was, with Disraeli, one of the best P.R. men the British monarchy has ever had. He proved, as few of his predecessors had proved, that it was possible to be both merry and good.

Drawing a great deal on hitherto unavailable material, Sir Philip's superlative work gives closely-documented credence to this view. Lily Langtry and Tranby Croft are placed sternly in the larger perspective, and it is amply demonstrated that far from quarrelling irreparably with her son, Victoria was very much aware of "dear Bertie's" virtues. Taking a dim view of the patrician caste and drawing Edward's attention, time and again, to the more admirable qualities of the lower orders, she nonetheless stood by him when—particularly in

1891—scandal threatened to blow the lid off the entire Court. Only on the matter of finding the Prince of Wales "a job" was she adamant: he didn't need one.

In the enormous network of European royalties and the adventitious social system which grew from it, Edward's role was unique. Sir Philip defines it neatly as Social Sovereignty, a curious authority evolved by a man of instinct who passed most of his life waiting to be King, an authority based on the proliferations of family exercised through an inflexible annual calendar and within a scarcely changing pattern of settings: Baden, Homburg, Marienbad, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Sandringham and Cowes. In the world of Holstein and Fabergé Edward shot, sailed, attended the opera, enjoyed the society of Jews, advocated Service reform, dined with his friends and was called "Tum-Tum" behind his back.

For so rich a subject, Sir Philip's comprehensive austerity is ideal. (Note his definition of constitutional monarchy as "a cautionary department of State".) He misses nothing; neither does he embellish.

It was once feared that the young Edward might have inherited the imbalance of his great-grandfather, George III, the first major occurrence of whose most famous madness is the subject of **The Royal Malady** (Longmans 30s.) by Charles Chenevix-Trench. Throughout the icy winter of 1788-9 the distracted King lay, hedged about by the interminable plotting and dissension of at least six doctors, count-

less ladies-in-waiting, pages, and the entire House of Commons.

In seeking to rediscover these complex patterns of human motive, treachery and service, Mr. Chenevix-Trench discards the more malicious sources in favour of three unfamiliar, private diaries. We thus unlearn much. There seems, for example, no reliable evidence that the poor King conversed with the oak tree in Windsor Park believing it to be the King of Prussia, nor that he emptied the contents of his chamber-pot on to the head of Sir George Baker. But in the sifting, we gain much that is human. Mr. Chenevix-Trench rattles the dry bones and, in calling up a whole gallery of saturnine villains and disinterested heroes, invests them with the passions of the time.

After the Hanoverians, the spies: **You Only Live Twice** by Ian Fleming (Cape 16s.) and **The Most Dangerous Game** by Gavin Lyall (Hodder 18s.). The new Bond finds 007 in Tokyo, whence he is despatched to Kyushu to slay Doctor Shatterhand, terrible creator of the Garden of Death. Cashing in on the endless Japanese search for ever-greater refinements to the art of suicide, Shatterhand has filled his castle park with many rare plants affording all manner of sophisticated extinction; the many seekers of death enter the park at night, and are not

disappointed.

Bond goes native: is dyed walnut, taught the basics of *ninjitsu*, composes a *haiku* (from which the title is taken) and learns how to massage the hide of a cow with coarse gin. The final stages of the preparation involve him with the improbably named Kissy Suzuki and the naked pearl divers of Kuro Island. Two reservations: Kissy, who begins as a Batesian idyll, becomes a drag long before the end; and the climax, for which Mr. Fleming curiously fails to come up with the expected goods in the garden. Otherwise, *You Only Live Twice* is full of rich conceits, treads a sure line between the extremities of the bizarre and the ironic, is low on titillation and quite uncommonly well written.

Mr. Lyall is less elaborate, opting for the laconic shrug. Cary, his freelance-pilot "hero", who hopes one day to fly over a nickel mountain, tries to stay out of things, but if he can't, he thumps incompetent policemen and drags down telephone lines. Around him on the Russo-Finnish border are a mad Virginian crackpot and his elegant sister, a man from the Foreign Office, rumours of Czarist loot, lots of sabotage and a scarlet Facel Vega on the Arctic Highway. Dialogue fast and spare; numbed landscape splendid; climactic flight terrific.

## SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

*The Tatler records with deep regret the death of its distinguished book critic, Siriol Hugh-Jones. She was 39. Miss Hugh-Jones contributed her first review to this magazine in the spring of 1958. In the long series that followed she established herself as a critic of wit, perception, and deep kindness, combined with an occasionally devastating*

*candour. Her interests were wide, her enthusiasms intense; many found expression in feature articles published in The Tatler additionally to the reviews. The last of these appeared in our Decor issue of 4 March, within a few days of her death. Nothing in the wisdom, tolerance and good humour of her words betrayed that these would be the last from a brave colleague*

GERALD LASCELLES

# on records

THE AUTHENTIC BLUES

Mark Murphy is one of the young American singers who seems to embrace the best of two worlds. He has the rhythmic sense of Sinatra, a chunk of Sammy Davis's strange intonation, and still has the flexibility to swing through those complex pieces which

were the special vocal concoctions of John Hendricks and Annie Ross. In his first album to be released in England, **Rah** (Riverside), he treats his listeners to a display which is as effective as it is exciting. I predict a great future for the versatile Mr.

Murphy, who ranges from modern ballads like **Green Dolphin Street** and **Li'l darlin'** to tongue-twisting instrumentals like **Doodlin'** and **Twisted**. Ernie Wilkins' sensitive accompaniment is a delight to a jazz attuned ear.

**The intimate Miss Christy** (Capitol) presents the ex-Kenton singer in an unconvincing set of ballads. The subtle guitar/bass accompaniment appears not to be firm enough to keep her on pitch in the more difficult pieces, and this type of approach leaves no

margin for such acoustic errors.

It may be an amusing coincidence that the record companies' lists seem to be flooded with authentic rhythm and blues singers, just at the moment when the pop parade is being dominated by imitators and derivatives of the self-same idiom. One of the best is T-Bone Walker's **Great blues vocals and guitar** (Capitol), recorded between 1945 and 1950. Despite his upbringing in Texas and travelling on the road in the Deep South, his biggest

influence is from urban blues, and his forthright playing on the electric guitar reveals the same approach. Another excellent collection of similar material is **R & B Greats—Vol. 2** (Realm) in which two early Ray Charles tracks are featured, as well as Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry's classic **Pawnshop blues**. Among the lesser-known names on this album are Peppermint Harris, a powerful shouter in the Joe Turner tradition, and Arbee Stidham, whose moving

slow blues are well accompanied by piano and tenor, even if his lyrics will not stand close examination.

Memphis Slim, who has now become quite well known to British audiences, contributes an album, **Broken soul blues** (United Artists), which is steeped in history as well as music. He accompanies himself on piano, and provides an excellent solo track in **All this piano boogie**, a loose version of the theme which gave this style its name. I should add

that two spurious tracks on this album will do nothing but baffle and confuse the collector; one sounds like Muddy Waters, another could be Big Joe Williams, but both identities are open to speculation.

Though I associate the works of guitar playing singer John Lee Hooker with the primitive country blues, it is obvious from his latest session, **The big soul of John Lee Hooker** (Stateside), that he has absorbed much of the rhythm and blues idiom which now domin-

ates the American blues scene. His transition was undoubtedly hastened by his move to Detroit in 1947, but I find the choir accompaniment on this album particularly annoying, and essentially out of context. **Dirty house blues** (Realm) need not put you off Lightning Hopkins' album of tunes from his repertoire in the late '40's. His slightly crude guitar playing accentuates the basic simplicity of the music, and provides yet another glimpse of the real roots of the blues.

J. ROGER BAKER

## on opera

YOUTHFUL VOICES

The one opera I would willingly sit through once a week if necessary is **La Traviata**: for me it always works. I admire each time the dramatic economy of the four scenes and the skill with which Verdi throws in the odd lollipop without arresting the impetus of the work.

Frank Hauser's production at Sadler's Wells is intelligent and civilized: he pinches a trick from *Camille* perhaps (when Violetta sees her admirer return to the room through a looking glass), but manages the awkward gypsy *divertissement* with the minimum of embarrassment to all concerned and draws some pointed playing from minor characters, particularly Flora (sung roundly and well by Joan Davies) who is a touch

common in dress and gesture and *furious* when the wrong people arrive at her party.

These externals all help of course to make credible a plot and moral outlook which seen in the cold light of today are clearly absurd. But even without them the ardent playing of this performance would melt the ice of scepticism. John Matheson started by conducting a lush, if speedy, prelude (hampered incidentally on this first night by the noisiest audience I've ever heard—the handbags snapping, paper rustling and clodhopping late-comers made a symphony of their own rather like the sketch in that inspired revue *Twists*).

The opening party music was brisk too, almost sweeping aside the love duet, but as the

opera proceeded Mr. Matheson relaxed, reaching his peak in the third act ensemble which was strongly accented rhythmically but avoided the frivolity of a waltz which sometimes tends to let things down at this climactic point.

Ava June was the Violetta, far happier—and more successful—in the later acts than the first when those specious coloratura passages must be irritating for a lyric soprano. Her resemblance to Miss Elizabeth Taylor (especially in the second party scene when she was in black with diamonds and her hair coiled high) was continually arresting. Miss June has a lot of talent and this performance coupled with her appearances in *Idomeneo* reveal her as an artist of great potential. The aura of future successes also surrounds John Wakefield, the Alfredo. Handsome, and as yet young enough to carry off a little extra weight, he too lifts a cliché role into something moving and viable.

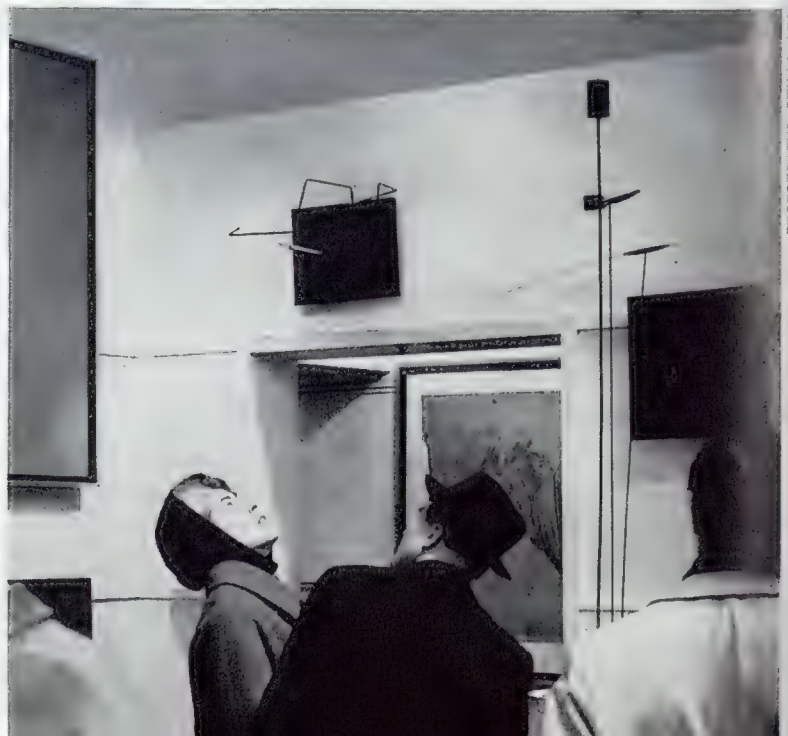
Cast changes make the current revival of **The Flying**

**Dutchman** worth noting. This production—with its stunning ghost ship—has been frequently praised, but now seems in need of a boost, particularly in the second act which drags slightly.

The new Dutchman is Donald McIntyre, a romantic, gloomy figure, enough to send any impressionable girl weak at the knees. Again we have a young voice, willing apparently to take any risk, sometimes at the expense of style, and for the most part it comes off. The Senta is Rita Hunter. Someone commented that she has three voices: I heard two—a loud one with a coarse grain in it, and a quiet one, smooth and mellifluous. Both have a place in this opera and at later performances Miss Hunter may well relate them a little more. Colin Davis conducted a powerful account of the music; his overture was extremely graphic, so much so that my companion, to whom the work was new, was able to give me a programme for it during the interval.



Children and grown-ups alike are fascinated by some of the more bizarre "structures vivantes" at the Redfern Gallery exhibition, which ends on Friday





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# on galleries

ANTIPODEAN FRESHNESS

"Ten years ago we only knew about Australian cricketers," wrote the Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery in introducing the exhibition of Australian painting which he organized in 1961. Now we have a full team of Australian painters (and many reserves) living in and around London and the names of several of them—Arthur Boyd, Sidney Nolan, Louis James—are better known here than those of their country's cricketers. Not so well known, though he is definitely one of the "first eleven," is John Perceval, whose work both as painter and ceramist is now at the Zwemmer Gallery.

Perceval, 40 years old, came to London last year leaving a considerable reputation behind him in Melbourne where he was one of the original members, along with Boyd, of the group known as the Antipodeans. His association with Boyd and the remarkable Boyd family dates from childhood. During the war he ran a pottery with Boyd and later married his

sister Mary who, like every other Boyd, is an artist.

As a boy Perceval suffered from polio and it was during a long period spent in hospital that he made his first essays in art—copying from reproductions of Van Gogh, Picasso and Modigliani. Even at this distance the influence of Van Gogh may still be discerned in the passionate way with which he handles paint. His paintings are built up with short brush strokes of pure colour applied in what can only be called a controlled frenzy, from which the completed picture suddenly appears out of apparent chaos. His manner is expressionist but he invariably works direct from nature, sitting *en plein air* in all weathers.

The 20 paintings at Zwemmer's have all been done in this country, all but one in or around Hampstead and Highgate. The initial impression they create is one of sameness; it is one of walking through a dense wood, uninhabited by man or beast, into

which daylight filters through a filigree of leaves. But as one's eyes focus more accurately upon each in turn the wood is no longer empty; a figure of a child (or is it a dryad?) appears, a bird flutters briefly, the dark under the trees becomes a pond, a pond with ducks, the light changes, it is morning, it is sundown, it is wet, it is hot, it is winter, it is autumn.

Looking at this group of pictures I was reminded of the artist who, when a passer-by remarked that the landscape did not look like his painting of it, replied, "Ah, but don't you wish it did?" Hampstead Heath and Highgate never looked like this to me but I certainly wish they did—not because Perceval has made them look lovelier than they are but because he has brought a fresh vision to them and I envy him that continuously fresh vision. I envy, too, his power to translate that vision, that feeling of joy, into paint that quite apart from what it represents is instinct with a sense of joy that comes from spontaneity and assurance.

This same spontaneity is to be found in his ceramic work, 16 examples of which are on show under the collective title "Angels" (though most of them

look more like imps and demons). On these figures, as on his paintings, he works very quickly, and here again speed and assurance combine to produce a remarkable feeling of liveliness.

A great artist died in New York at the end of last month, and hardly anyone in this country noticed. Hardly anyone, that is, except Mr. Eric Estorick who, in record time, mounted a memorial exhibition of a dozen or so sculptures drawn from the apparently bottomless pit full of stock at his Grosvenor Gallery. The artist was Alexander Archipenko, who was born in Kiev in 1887, was famous in Paris and Berlin before the First World War and emigrated to America in 1923. The sculptures are some of his finest works, made in the decade between 1910 and 1920.

He was one of the first, probably the first, of the sculptors who early in that decade translated the ideas of Cubism into sculpture. Later, in 1915, he began to use mixed media—wood, metal and papier maché—in his works and these, like the Cubist sculptures, had a great influence on the course that sculpture was to take, right up to the present.

HELEN BURKE

# DINING IN

EASY SWEETS FOR EASTER

Holidaytime is the right moment to try something easy. For delicious no-trouble sweets I suggest fresh or canned fruit titivated a little with liqueur or wine. Sliced fresh PINEAPPLE, for instance, sprinkled with a little kirsch, is just as good at home as it is in a restaurant—and much less expensive. Failing the fresh fruit, buy a can of best quality pineapple rings. They won't be quite the same but they are very good and no trouble at all.

For me, at any rate, canned white or green FIGS are always a joy. At one time, whenever I ate out I would look for them on the sweet trolley, and if they were there nothing else would tempt me. Here again you can add a little kirsch to them, but they do not need anything other than their own syrup. Honeydew MELON is delectable in itself—but cut the flesh into small wedges or use a potato

scoop to make small balls of it, let them rest in their own juice and then, just before serving, add a measure of Cointreau or Cherry Heering.

PRUNES, which we disliked so much in our boarding school days, have come into their own. One French firm preserves very special ones in Armagnac at 25s. a jar. They are served instead of liqueur. More simple, try prunes this way: soak them overnight in cider then gently stew them in it for about 15 minutes, with sugar to taste. Leave them to become cold, then add a measure of brandy and see how wonderful the once-despised prunes can be. Or take the short cut and use canned prunes, which are not only very good but which also save a lot of time.

Leaving sweets for the moment, here is an unusual MELON & PRAWN COCKTAIL. Use diced honeydew melon and shelled prawns, half-and-half or one

part melon to three parts prawns. Add your usual cocktail sauce to them. If you have not one, try this: for each serving, allow 1 to 2 oz. of sauce made with equal parts of mayonnaise and double cream, the melon juice, white wine vinegar or lemon juice to taste, salt, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and just enough tubed tomato purée to tint the sauce.

If you have never made a FRUIT FLAN with dried fruits as the major part of the filling, you have a pleasant surprise in store. Some dried fruits add a warmth and richness that even the best of fresh fruits lack. To avoid doing any heavy cooking over the holiday the flan shell can be baked well in advance, leaving only the filling to be added. This is called "baked blind," which I will explain for the benefit of young cooks.

Use flan pastry, which is simply a rich short crust with an egg or egg yolk added. Very carefully line the flan tin with it, avoiding stretching the pastry (otherwise the flan will be distorted when baked.) Prick the batter with a fork. Line the tin with two widish strips of greaseproof paper, one placed across the other, and fill it with dry butter beans or bread crusts, arranging them well to

the sides of the flan to support them. Bake the flan for about 20 minutes at 400 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 6. Remove the beans/crusts and paper, return the flan to the oven and give it a further 5 to 7 minutes to colour it well. When cold, store in an air-tight tin until required.

At the moment, in addition to prunes and specially large dried apricots, dates and canned lichees, we have fresh fruits such as green and black grapes and peaches. But, of course, canned peaches and apricots can be used. The prunes and dried apricots can be stewed in advance and kept in the refrigerator until wanted. Fresh peaches can be cut in crescents.

Now for the arrangement of the fruit in the flan. Begin with an outer circle of prunes, then one of apricots, then one of peeled and deseeded raw grapes and one of lichees with a glacé or, better, a cocktail cherry inserted in each lichee. As the circle narrows, have a row of stoned dates towards the centre and finish with a small circle of peach crescents.

Boil some of the syrup from the apricots and lichees to reduce it to a thick consistency. Leave it to cool. Stir in a little Cointreau and spoon this over the fruits in the flan.

DUDLEY NOBLE

# MOTORING

## ATTRACTIONS FROM THE CONTINENT

When flowers start to bloom, cars start to boom, has always been the motor trade's adage. This year in Britain cars have continued to boom even during the dark months, and the apparently insatiable demand for them has brought manufacturers from other countries rushing to help fill the orders of the car-hungry multitude. Peugeot, for instance, has launched a new sales drive on this side of the Channel with the completion of some extensive service buildings and showrooms at Croydon. "One of the big handicaps in selling Continental cars in Britain," said Mr. A. B. Harris, a director of Distributors-Peugeot, "is the fear of owners that they might not be able to get proper servicing facilities here." With their new headquarters and an increasing network of dealers, Peugeot's British company should have overcome this drawback very soon. They claim, in fact, to offer servicing and body repair facilities comparable with those of our own manufacturers.

Certainly there are some nice models in the current Peugeot range, including a de luxe version of the famous 404 which has not hitherto been available with right hand drive. One of its many good features is a sun-shine roof, and the many British motorists who pine for this will probably also be pleasantly intrigued by the very high standard of body finish and the excellence of the interior fittings, which include leather

trim to the seating. In France this model is sold with fuel injection instead of a carburetter, but for the time being this feature is not available here, where the price of the 404 de luxe has been fixed at £1,269.6s.3d.

Peugeot is one of the very oldest motor makers, having originally been in the hardware business turning out saws and shears, and also velocipedes. Towards the end of the 19th century it caught the horseless carriage fever and soon its name was a by-word among the leather-clad *aficionados* of petrol propulsion. Keeping a high standard of quality, Peugeot built up a devoted clientele, and even though it is now turning out 1,300 vehicles a day in France its reputation for high-class workmanship and sparkling performance continues unimpaired. Last year it won outright the gruelling East African Safari, which takes in 3,000 miles of the toughest going in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. Only seven finished out of 84 starters, and three of them were Peugeot. Tomorrow this rally is on again, starting from Nairobi and finishing there on 30 March.

Another French car of strong appeal to the British motorist

is the Simca 1300, with a 62 b.h.p. four-cylinder engine equipped with five-bearing crankshaft. Its speed is stated to be 85 m.p.h. and its petrol consumption 38 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h. (I have not had the opportunity of driving it at the time of writing). Complete with heater, screenwasher and underbody protection, this model is priced at £798.15s. In a week or so's time there will be yet another addition to the Simca range, the 1500, and this will be listed at £918.15s.

From Germany has just come the first six cylinder Mercedes-Benz to sell at under £2,000 in Britain, a model to be known as the 220B, and almost identical with the more expensive 220S and SE versions in outward appearance. It differs in one respect, however, and that is in its carburation, having twin single choke carburetters (the 220SE has fuel injection): its performance is, therefore, slightly lesser. As on all Mercedes, power-assisted steering is available, also their own automatic gearbox with four speeds and full manual overriding control. A standard fitment on the new 220 is its power-operated front wheel disc brakes. The price, complete with carpets and wheel trims,

is £1,994.6s.3d.; automatic transmission costs £198.3s.4d. extra.

The Mercedes six cylinder engine which powers the 220 range has been steadily developed over a twelve year period, appearing originally in 1952, when it gave 86 b.h.p. in single carburetter form. Since then it has been gradually improved until now, with fuel injection instead of two carburetters in the SE model, it produces 134 b.h.p. The twin compound carburetter version gives 124 b.h.p. while the twin single choke carburetter system fitted to the new 220 develops 105 b.h.p. Apart from these carburation differences, the engine is exactly the same in all three versions of the 220 model.

Finally, among the leading foreign firms in the British motor market, Citroen have their new DW model, which looks the same as the famous DS and ID but has a much more powerful engine. It now develops 83 b.h.p., despite no increase in its cylinder capacity, and still comes within the two litres. Citroen has always been *avant-garde* in its styling, and though the lines of these models have remained unaltered for seven or eight years they do not look dated. Certainly the unique suspension, with its combination of oil and inert gas, has proved reliable and highly satisfactory, while the front wheel drive pioneered by Citroen 30 years ago has now found many new adherents. The price of the 100 m.p.h. DW is £1,568.19s.7d.



Latest in the Mercedes range, the 220B, with 6-cylinder engine and powered disc brakes on the front wheels. It costs £1,994



Furniture constructed in mahogany and walnut has its own *timbre*, a quality which satinwood has, too—a shimmering effect like watered silk. The desk I am discussing this week has these characteristics and is bound to catch the eye either in the public auction-rooms or private drawing-room, for the satinwood has a striking appearance.

Certainly this late 18th-century piece caught my eye in the showrooms of Denys Wrey, of London, S.W.1, and I was not surprised to find that it had been in the famous collection of the late Mrs. Nellie Ionides, of Buxted Park, Sussex. It is also labelled to indicate previous showing at the 1932 Art Treasures Exhibition at Christie's. It is a "cylinder fall" writing desk, not to be

# ANTIQUES

## A DREAM OF A DESK

confused with a "tambour" or more commonly "reed-topped desk," and is of the Adam period. The design closely follows the classical style brought in by Adam, one which no doubt inspired both Sheraton and Hepplewhite, and its winning feature is the simplicity of the lines.

Measuring 34 ins. wide, 22 ins. deep when closed and 46½ ins. in height at the back; the would-be writer on approaching the desk finds that the fall front

has been inlaid with a pear-wood fan medallion above a garland of garrya wood husks, the concave front superstructure contains two drawers similarly inlaid with garrya husks. Three drawers below the writing slab are also inlaid with garrya husks. All the sides and drawers are crossbanded with tulip-wood, and boxwood stringing runs down the edge of all four legs; further, the sides are inlaid with kingwood. When opened, a writing slab

push-back, lined with green tooled leather, has a well at the back for papers under a shelf for writing materials. A pair of small drawers on either side of the shelf and well are surmounted by pigeon holes. A small but interesting point which may well escape the eye of the uninitiated is the intricate inlay round the keyholes simulating flowers, and also the garrya husks inlay in the top front and sides of the front legs—no doubt a collector's dream piece.

*The Temple Gallery*, 4 Yeomans Row, Brompton Road, S.W.3, is having an Easter Exhibition of Russian, Greek and Serbian icons ranging from the 15th to the 18th century. This exhibition will be open until 9 May, 1964.



Late 18th-century "cylinder fall" writing desk. In the closed position the intricate inlay of the exterior can be seen;



in the open position, the green leather pull-out writing slab and accommodation for writing materials





# WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

**1 Kennington—Sellars:** Elvira Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Kennington, of Church Farm, Riby, near Grimsby, Lincolnshire, was married to Peter Anthony, son of Mr. & Mrs. Philip Sellars, of The White Cottage, Finchampstead, Berkshire, at St. Edmunds, Riby

**2 Bourne—Morein:** Sara, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Bourne, of Alexander Avenue, N.W. 10, was married to David, son of the late Rev. W. Morein and of Mrs. Morein, of St. John's Wood, at St. David's Synagogue, Cumberland Place

**3 Pepper—Johns:** Ann Pepper, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. J. Shilson, of Keeran, Raleigh Drive, Claygate, Surrey, was married to Howard, son of Mr. & Mrs. P. Johns, of Hallswell Gardens, Clevedon, Somerset, at Holy Trinity, Claygate

**4 Hordern—Weldon:** Joanna, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Hordern, of The Old Rectory, Fernhurst, Surrey, was married to Anthony, son of the late Mr. L. E. Weldon and of Mrs. Weldon, of The Hermitage, Wymeswold, Leicestershire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

**5 Bates—Hoare:** Judith Kathryn, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. W. Bates, of Abingdon Court, W.8, was married to Andrew Rodney, son of Mr. R. L. Hoare, of San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. J. Ogle, of Cranley Gardens, S.W.7, at Christ Church, Victoria Road, W.8

**6 Miss Victoria Sanderson to Mr. Richard Botwood:** She is the daughter of Colonel J. L. Sanderson, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Sanderson, of Longhirst, Morpeth, Northumberland. He is the son of the late Mr. A. Botwood and of Mrs. H. Botwood, of White Cottage, Coventry Road, Kenilworth

**7 Miss Trodissita Drummond to Mr. Roger de Ferranti Forster:** She is the daughter of the late Air Marshal Sir Peter Drummond, K.C.B., D.S.C., O.B.E., M.C., and Lady Drummond, of Sussex Gardens, W.2. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. King Forster of Manor Farm, Allington, Wiltshire



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# MAN'S WORLD

THE SHIRT BEYOND THE POINT

The average man, as everyone must realize by now, is a pretty odd duck. The latest revelation about him is that he is the owner of 2.6 shirts; the first decimal gives me pause—that particular shirt may be suffering from laundry fatigue, or else it's short-sleeved or no-sleeved, or even a string shirt that covers the torso but is still only six-tenths shirt. I think this average man is an impostor: I regard myself as pretty average, and a quick check reveals that I own 23.4 shirts. Most of that number is made up of decimal points—I award .9 to a shirt with no buttons, .7 to a shirt with a frayed collar, .5 to a shirt so curiously patterned that I could only wear it in Hawaii, and so on down to .007 for a shirt I use for cleaning shoes. At last, only three shirts survive the decimation and are on call if I suddenly had to look immaculate. And, strictly, 1.5 shirts should go to the laundry every week.

Time to stock up, then. I've found in the past that Arrow shirts combine the price, style and fit I look for, and I went to see their new range. Prices range from 29s. 6d. for a short-sleeved, printed design up to 59s. 6d. for the Arrow King Cotton Imperial, splendid shirts that can go through an old-fashioned mangle and still need no ironing. Styles include an impressive range of collars, with tab-fastening increasingly popular, up to a collar of almost Regency height. Fit—well, Arrow's variety of sleeve lengths has always been a strong selling point—many shirts offer up to five sleeve lengths to each collar size. And in the University Club range the body of the shirt is tapered to the waist to fit neatly into the trousers without looking like a battle-dress blouse.

Arrow offer a good range of casual shirts, as well they might with more and more emphasis on leisure. These shirts are full of colour, from shadowy pastels of gold and cream, to rich strong colours or mixtures of black and brown. The fabrics in the Decton casual range are as fine as a good handkerchief lawn, made of a mixture of Dacron and cotton, and "King Cotton" also shows up.

Arrow are introducing Bri-Nylon into both casual and business shirts from the end of May, knitted and woven, plain

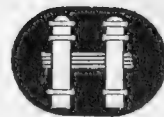
and printed. Four business shirts are made in the University Club style—with the tapered body—featuring the four most popular collars of the moment: two tab fastenings, one with rounded ends, and two button downs. All these four shirts are available in the deeper colours that younger men are approving.

Consolidating their gains in the casual field, Arrow are also offering polo neck pullovers in knitted Bri-Nylon for 52s. 6d., and sports shirts in the same material with the two button neck.

On the beach, the linen look is now available in a handsome range of colours, and for evening wear, dress shirts with fly fronts, lightweight body fabrics and piqué or satin stripe fronts cost only 45/-. A cheer for Arrow underwear, too, in that same handkerchief-fine lawn, followed by a muffled hiss of disapproval for their "Kwik-klip" tie which would make me feel ill at ease in even an Arrow collar.

Bright hopes for the future of men's clothes from the Royal College of Art, who have just benefited from Hepworths centenary by the sponsoring of a new department of menswear design. This sort of endowment is not only more useful than a bronze plaque in the boardroom but a lot more expensive. Hepworths' generosity goes further: they promise not to cream off the best students into their own organization, but to let them bring a fresh impetus to the whole trade.

Austin Reed have just introduced some classically simple, traditional suits, one for town, one for the country. The jackets are slightly waisted and flared, with a natural shoulder line, longer side vents and sloping pockets. The trousers are slim and self-belted. Both suits are worthy of their name—the British Classic Suit—and very reasonably priced: a two-piece suit costs £27, and a three-piece £30. For those who want something special, there's the "Albany Club" suit, cut, sewn and made up by hand. For a two-piece suit, 36 guineas, for a three-piece 40. The sort of man who appreciates this quality will also doubtless be an art connoisseur, and for him Austin Reed provide, for five guineas, silk braces designed by Bernard Buffet.



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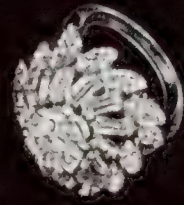
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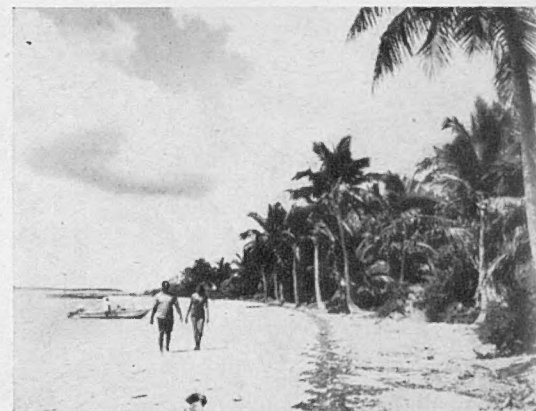
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